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THE STARLETS: WHEN HE PUTS IT IN YOU CAN FEEL IT SQUISH
JUICY COLOR SECTION: WIDE OPEN MUFFS
THE MISTRESS OF AN S&M WHOREHOUSE

FREE SEX MANUAL ILLUSTRATED

Avant-Garde Media, Inc., publishers of such elegant, controversial, utilitarian and bewitching periodicals as Moneysworth, Avant-Garde and —especially—the late lamented art quarterly EROS, is pleased to announce the most generous magazine subscription offer in history:

If you will order a one-year subscription to Moneysworth, the wallet-fattening fortnightly that tells you how to get the most for your money (and the most out of life), we will send to you *absolutely free* a copy of the magnificent, thrilling, authoritative reference work *Ecstasy: An Illustrated Sex Manual,* by Martin Shepard, M.D.

Ecstasy is profusely illustrated with pictures of couples demonstrating the various positions and postures of sexual intercourse. But the pictures are not pornographic. They are intended solely for educational purposes. They are not being offered to the thrillseeker; on the contrary, we will not knowingly send a copy of *Ecstasy* to anyone who indicates a desire for pornography (nor to anyone under 21). Our purpose in disseminating this work—*free*—is to help educate the American public on a subject about which it is abysmally ignorant: how to maximize sexual pleasure and fully appreciate the importance of a happy sex life to every other aspect of daily living.

For this reason, we have commissioned as author of *Ecstasy* one of the nation's most renowned figures in the field of sex education, Martin Shepard, M.D. Dr. Shepard is a pioneering psychiatrist, revered clinician, sought-after lecturer, and author of a dozen best-selling works on interpersonal relations. He has been Consulting Psychiatrist to The New York State Family Court, Attending Psychiatrist at Mt. Sinai Hospital, Psychiatric Consultant to The New York City Board of Education and Dept. of Correction, and Director of Anthos, the venerated New York psychological growth center. No man is better qualified to have written this book.

To *Ecstasy,* Dr. Shepard brings a profound humanity, vast clinical experience and keen understanding of the psychodynamics of sexual behavior. He has poured all of his considerable experience and wisdom into writing this book and, in the process, has created a *classic.*

In addition to the information conveyed by its pictures, *Ecstasy* will answer such questions as:

- Can an extramarital affair ever help keep a marriage going?
- What is the effect of marijuana on sexual pleasure? Can it really transport you to new stratospheres of ecstasy?
- What is a "maxi" orgasm?
- Is there really such a thing as a nymphomaniac? If so, how can you spot one?
- What is the effect of powerful sexual excitement on the heart?
- How do homosexuals make love?
- How can overweight be turned to advantage in bed?
- Does female circumcision help a woman to achieve orgasm?
- What is the method by which some men prolong intercourse for hours?
- What limitations, if any, are imposed on sexual activity by pregnancy?
- How often do most couples engage in sexual intercourse?
- What are the scent signals sent out by a woman desiring sex?
- Does "The Sex Diet" work?
- How does male circumcision affect the sexual pleasure of men? Of women?
- Will taking The Pill cause a weight gain?
- What is the maximum number of times a woman can have an orgasm?
- How long does the act of sexual intercourse normally last?
- What exercises can strengthen the muscles that enhance sexual pleasure?
- What's the truth about prostitutes and VD?
- Is ginseng really an effective aphrodisiac?
- What's a "skimming" orgasm?
- At what age do most people engage in sexual intercourse for the first time?
- How fast do sperm travel?
- Why is ejaculatory *over*control dangerous?
- What is the "Penile Squeeze Technique" perfected by Drs. Masters and Johnson?
- What infallible indication tells whether a woman had an orgasm?
- How many sex partners does the average American have in a lifetime?

As you can see, *Ecstasy: An Illustrated Sex Manual* tells you just about everything and anything you ever wanted to know about sex.

The work is monumental in size. It contains over 25,000 words and 144 pages. It includes a table of contents, bibliography, and forthright pictures throughout.

The volume has been designed by Herb Lubalin, world's foremost publications designer. Its lavish typography, layout, and graphic impact will take your breath away.

Comparable illustrated sex manuals—like *The Joy of Sex*—sell for upwards of $14.95. But, as we said, a copy of *Ecstasy: An Illustrated Sex Manual* can be yours—*ABSOLUTELY FREE*—with a one-year subscription to Moneysworth.

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FLICK

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Cyndy Sucks!

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Letters to INTER the Editor COURSE

BLOW IN THE DARK

Dear Flick,

I really dig your mag, especially the pictures and interviews with the porn starlets. I thought I'd write and tell you about something that happened to me the other day.

I was waiting on line for this movie to start, and it was freezing cold out. Not only that, but it started to rain. Luckily, I had this umbrella, so I opened it up and felt pretty above it all. The next thing I know, this real foxy bitch comes up and asks me if she could hang out under my umbrella with me. I say "of course," the chick stretches her arms and lets her hand come to rest right on my crotch. My cock was hard as a rock, and she knew it. She makes believe that she doesn't know what she's feeling, but she keeps rubbing me real slowly.

I started to notice that everytime the action got hot on screen (it was a porno flick), she starts to rub me a little harder and faster. Pretty soon I was ready to pop my nuts. Suddenly she pulled her hand away and started to unzip my fly. I started to get a little nervous, because I was afraid that somebody would see us, but it turned out to be cool. She took out

my crank and gave me two or three hard flicks with her fingers. I creamed all over the place, but she caught most of it in her hand. Then, as I watched her, she licked all the cum off her fingers iike a kitten with a dish of cream. I couldn't believe it. She said "thanks" and walked out of the theater. I never saw her again. What do you think of that?

Mel Stoddard
Eugene, Oregon

We'd say that's a peculiar story, alright. What theater did you say that was? Editor.

GETS 'EM TO STRIP

Dear Editor:

I've found that one of the best ways to get girls to go to bed with me is to offer to take their nude picture. I'm in college now, but when I was in high school, I used to carry around a cheapo 8mm camera with me. The girls would always ask what I was doing with it, and then I'd tell them very confidentially that I was into cinema in a big way. When I got them home, they would strip out of their jeans faster than shit could slide down a greased chute. Most of them would be good for a blow job, at the very least.

Now that I'm in college, I pull the same stunt, but I've graduated to a 16mm Arriflex with all the works. Not only do I get sucked and fucked all I want, but I have some footage that's absolutely fantastic! My favorite shot is one of two chicks licking each other's pussies, with a big dog trying to get his wet nose right in the middle of the action. I've sold some of my films to some small places, but my question is this: how do I get into the big time?

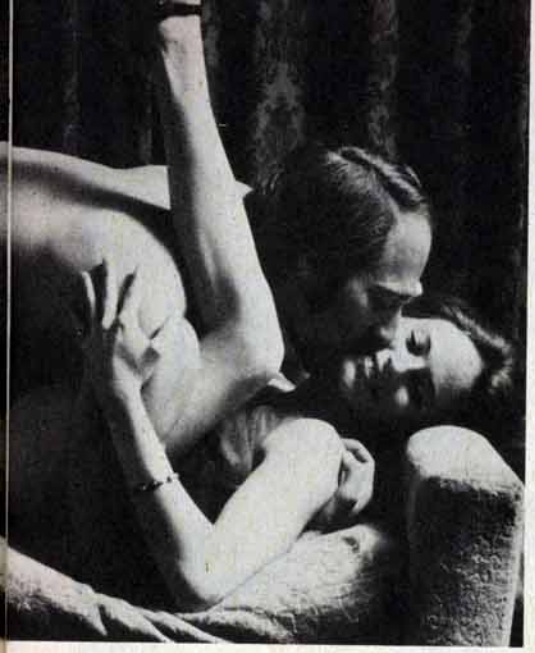
Yours truly,
Allan Weems
Troy, New York

Why not send some samples to us? Actually, if your footage is as good as you say it is, we're sure you might be able to find a ready market. One very important thing is to make sure you have all the proper releases for the models. Unless you're careful with the legal precautions, you could get into some big trouble. Editor.

What happens when a Drippy cunted chick bounces into the Flick offices and announces that she wants to be in a porn flick? Why, we strip her down and haul out the Nikons right away! As you can see, We got into this quickly!

Screen Test

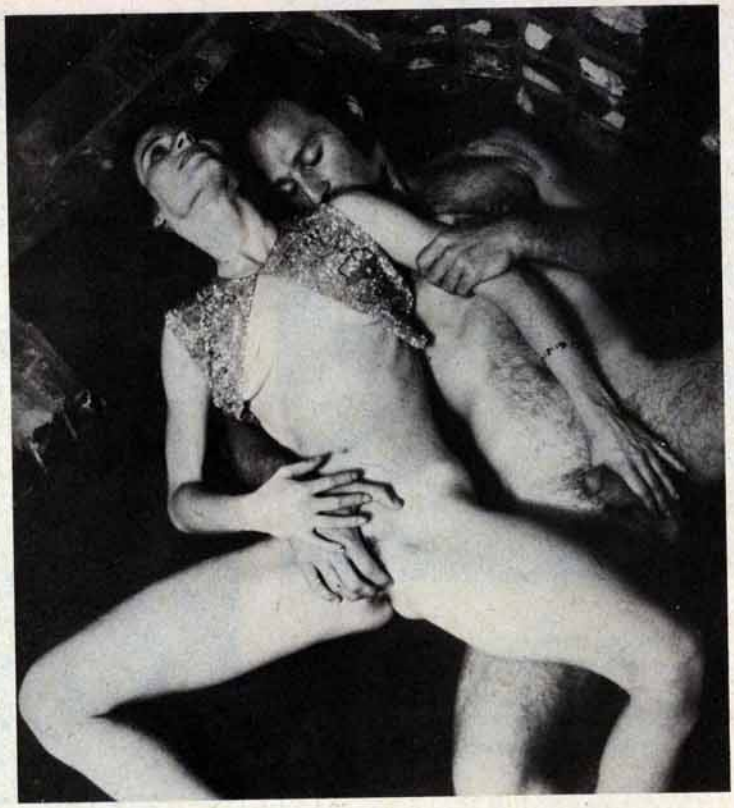
Sue-Ellen passed Flick's screen test with flying colors, as our eager Flick 'try-out' team will attest! We show here for your pleasure every mouth-watering close-up of our starlet's slickly lubed cooze!!



Sue-Ellen gets down to business with a horny member of the Flick Staff. There was no shortage of volunteers to plunge the depths of our budding starlet's tight-gripped pussy. We had to lock the doors to keep out nosey onlookers!

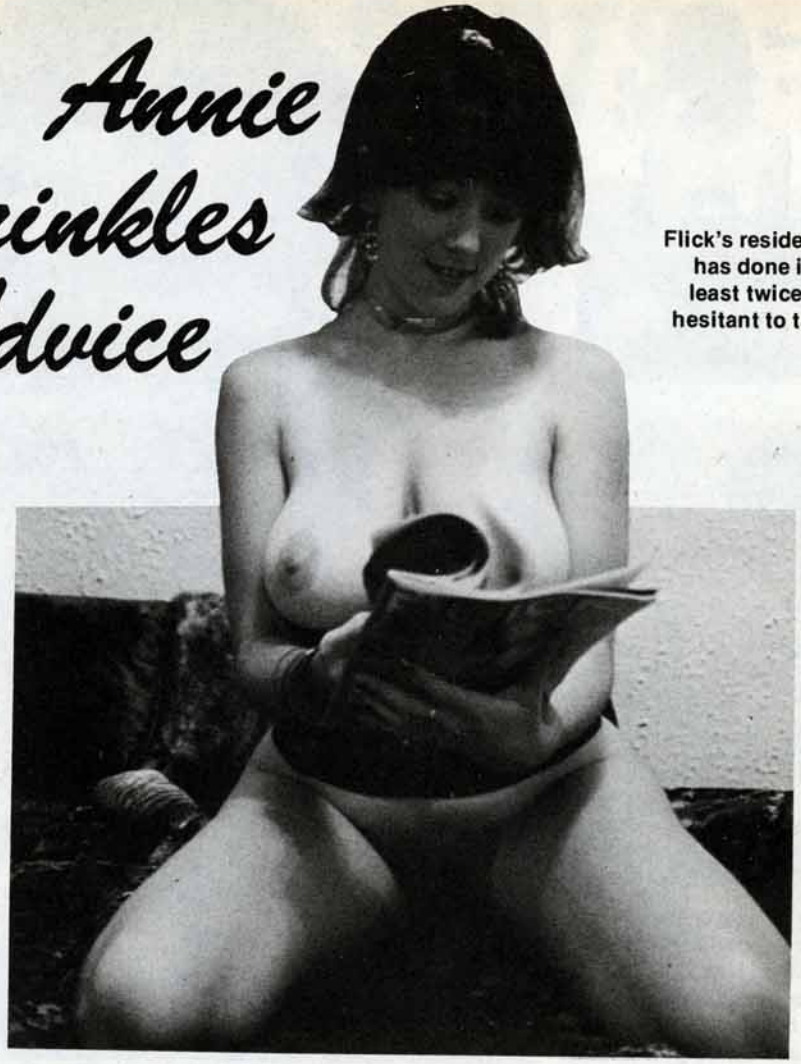
Screen Test

We're happy to report that Sue-Ellen is on her way to a well paid position in an upcoming porn epic. "My number one specialty is SUCKING COCK!" Sue-Ellen tells our readers. "Not many girls can swallow what I do!" You can confirm that on screen soon!



Annie Sprinkles Advice

Flick's resident sex expert has done it all . . . at least twice and is not hesitant to talk about it!



By Annie Sprinkle

Dearest, darling readers,

I am afraid this is going to be my last column for Flick. I have decided to join the Army so that I can have the honor of doing my duty for our great country. I'll be starting basic training next month, putting special attention into the heavy explosives field. I always did love a good band. Please don't stop writing. Send all your letters to Annie Sprinkle c/o Uncle Sam, the more explicit the better, and I want lots of nude photographs. I'll be jerking off to you.

This last weekend was a doozie. I am dying to tell you about it.

I was coming home from the Flick office and about to walk into my front door when my upstairs neighbor walked by and recongized me from some films. He was quite handsome, a bit heavy (the way I like'em) and was a bit shy (the way I like'em). We got to talking, and I invited him into my sweet little apartment "for a cup of coffee." We talked a while,then he said he had something he wanted to show me in his apartment. We went upstairs; he opened the door, walked over to a big wooden chest, opened it up and exposed all kinds of rubber pants, bras, masks—rubber everything. I had never really known a rubber fetishist and I got very excited at the pospect of a new sexual experience.

Our in-house sexpert always wants to hear from our readers. If you have a problem that needs quick attention, tell it to Annie Sprinkles, c/o Flick!

From the chest he pulled out a black rubber bra (with openings for tits), red rubber panties (with the slit in the right place), sexy rubber gloves (the kind without fingers), rubber thigh-high stockings (!) and some things for himself. I was about to jump into my gear when he explained how to do it the *best* way. He was the expert and knew how to get the most pleasure with rubber.

First we bathed together, then dried ourselves as thoroughly as possible. He suggested we not touch each other until we were completely ready. It wasn't easy, but I managed. The excitement was building rapidly and I couldn't wait to see what the rubber would feel like, and what my wonderful neighbor's love making would be like.

The next step, he said, was to powder our bodies completely. He took a big, soft, fluffy puff in each hand and powdered every inch of my body, which drove me crazy! I powdered him completely, at the same time admiring his

Annie Sprinkles Advice

"I flipped over on my back and deep-throated him until he was aching to pop. I just can't tell you how great that sticky rubber felt on my tits!"

When Annie's not busy answering your questions, she can be found on the sets of plenty of well known flicks. Annie's a real life porn star!

gorgeous, erect cock. My mouth was watering with anticipation, and my clit pulsating rapidly.

He warned me that the rubber can tear, and to put the garments on carefully. First I slid on the rubber stockings. They fit very tightly and smoothly. All the garments were seamless (molded). Finally I was ready and so was he, in tight rubber pants, shoes, and vest. He had a rubber mask with the eyes and mouth cut out, but he looked better without it and took it off for me. We had gone through this intense ritual without so much as a hug or kiss. I was about to attack, but awaited further instructions.

He went toward his big double bed, pulled back the velvet bedspread to reveal clear rubber sheets. Wow, I couldn't wait any longer to try all this out. He turned his air conditioner on high, saying the room temperature was crucial.

Finally he took my hand, sprawled me

out on the rubber sheets, spreading my legs as wide as they would go (very wide) and put his very warm mouth and tongue through the rubber slit in the panties. I melted. The tight rubber became my new skin, one of the most incredible sensations I have ever had, and he was one of the best damned pussy eaters I have ever had. I came, ripping the rubber sheet simultaneously! Its a good thing the walls in our building are thick or the neighbors would have called the police,complaining about the noise.

I flipped him onto his back and deep-throated him until he was just about to pop. We rolled around together, and I

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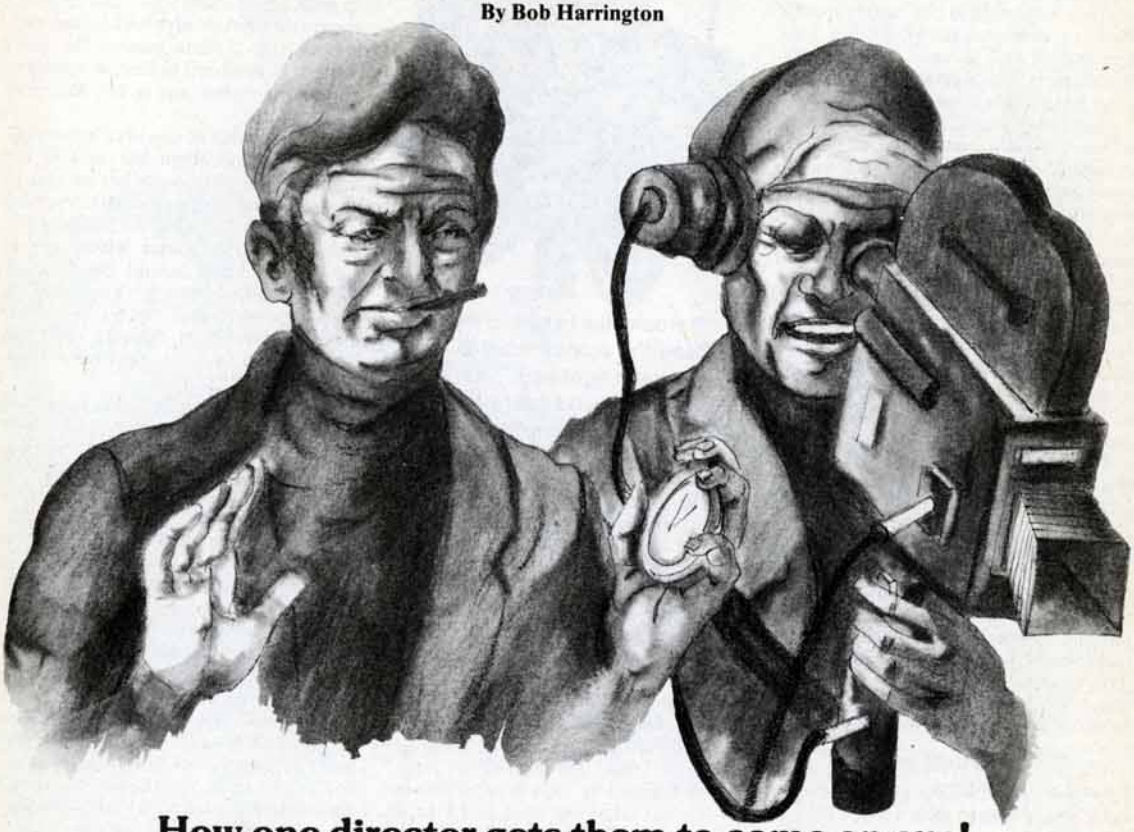
HOT SHOTS

By Bob Harrington



How one director gets them to come on cue!

■ We had worked on this one particular scene twice already. Tina and Bobbie were two lusciously big titted broads who weren't getting it right. The third take was going to be our last as this wasn't a million dollar budget. I decided to go for one short rehearsal before actually shooting.

Bobbie lay quietly on white satin sheets, her green party dress ripped open by an envious lover. Her red face and bruised left eye spoke of the preceding fight. Action! Bobbie started breathing heavily and crying uncontrollably from her fight. In a rage she began ripping off all her clothes, cursing her unhappy lover. As her rage increased, her deep pink nipples exploded with excitement. She had been left unsatisfied by her lover when he found out about her affair with Tina.

Bobbie stared at her rejected body in the full-length wall mirror. Stroking her long, ruffled brunette hair, she slowly moved her hands down her large, sloping tits. Her mouth tightened as she massaged her already hardened nipples. Using her thumb and index finger she continued to rhythmically circle them until her face glistened and her stomach began to flutter with a stinging feeling that lodged deep within her frustrated cunt. Now she moved her hands down further, brushing the skin just beneath her round tits, and moving down toward her sensitive belly. With the nail of her right middle finger she scratched, then dug deep, wincing from the sharp pain. Her mouth opened, and desperate to touch anything with her tongue, she began wildly licking the mirror and calling out Tina's name. Now her other hand was crossing down her reddish-brown bush of thick public hair—two front fingers were opening the pink flaps and gorging a wet, highly charged cunt. Her moaning increased, as she continued to slop the mirror.

Two front fingers were opening the pink flaps and soaking in the wet, highly charged cunt.

So far so good, I thought to myself. This time she really looked believable. I signaled Tina to enter through the door and continue the scene.

Tina entered and stared momentarily at her unhappy friend, who continued to twist and turn on the mirror. Tina knew that she had been left by her boyfriend and now had only one thought: to please her like no one else could. Tina quietly removed all her clothes, revealing a slender form with smaller but perfectly rounded tits. Her light brown patch of pubic hair distinctly showed two thick lips, which she began to squeeze with anticipating thighs. Tina walked up behind her unaware partner and gently rubbed her tits across Bobbie's back. Frightened for a second, Bobbie turned around quickly. After the momentary shock of recognition she moved in close and put her mouth to Tina's. Their tongues madly clashed and gripped one an-

others as they passionately grabbed at each other and fell to the floor. Tina brushed her light brown hair aside and began biting and licking Bobbie all over, first concentrating on her taut pink nipples. Biting with her teeth she pulled and tugged at them, then pushed as much as she could in her hungry mouth. Bobbie's eyes opened as did her legs. She huffed and moaned continuously, grabbing at Tina's fingers and pushing them deep inside her cunt.

Now it was time for the part they kept having trouble with. Tina quickly crawled over Bobbie, placing her mouth squarely on Bobbie's delicious cunt, while resting her own glorious bush on her anxious mouth. Tina, one of the best cuntsuckers in the business, dived right into her favorite food—raw cunt. Her tongue split Bobbie's hole in half as she pushed in as far as it would go. With her entire mouth she ate out Bobbie's drenched twat. Biting and sucking, she even pullled out several hairs, causing a sensual pain that made Bobbie wail for more.

The trouble with Bobbie was, while she loved to take it, she had a difficult time giving it. She just couldn't work up the steam to eat her excited lover with the same passion. And when it came to wetting Tina's lovely brown little asshole with her sharp pink tongue, well, Bobbie just wasn't believable enough. In a way, I figured she needed to be more excited. It wasn't that she didn't want to do it. She did. Bobbie was one of the best porno actresses I knew. With time I still think she'll be a star. But not quite yet.

We tried several times to get her excited enough to really go all the way with Tina. Couldn't do it. Finally I asked what would turn her on the most? Her answer was extremely succinct.

"I would like to have a thick, beautiful, smooth cock in my mouth first," she said.

Although I don't claim 10½ inches, putting my cock in Bobbie's mouth was something I had thought about for the past several days. I told the cameraman to start filming. When I'm done, I told him, put the camera back on her and Tina and we'll let them finish the scene.

Bobbie lay on her back, looking straight up at my stiffened muscle. I kicked her head lightly, not to hurt her, but enough to let her know I meant business. Her eyes registered the desired fear as I ordered her to open her mouth and show me how good she was. I knelt down toward bright, waiting teeth, ready to clamp the tip of my cock. As the tip neared her moist lips, she extended her tongue and placed it right on the small hole at the front of my cock, catching the bitter taste of urine. Her mouth swelled as though she had just tasted her favorite desert. With her lips and teeth she brought my cock further

"I would like to have a thick, beautiful smooth cock in my mouth right now," she drawled sweetly.

and further into her hungry mouth. In only a moment her breathing increased and she continued to moan while pushing my cock toward her throat. Now, up and down, up and down she went. Her eyes fluttered as she bit and sucked.

My own excitement was beginning to swell and just as I began to feel a load of waiting cum, she begged me to let go.

"Come in me, please, come in me," echoed her muffled voice.

"Not until you promise to do your job," I yelled.

"I will, I will," she begged.

Not completely convinced, I told her to tell me what she was going to do. "You want Tina's asshole?" I demanded.

"Yes, I do," she cried. Her eyes were beginning to tear as she could no longer stand the torture of not tasting my bitter semen.

"I will fuck her with my tongue. I will dig deep inside her," she pleaded.

Finally, spurts of warm cum filled her anxious mouth. Bobbie swallowed and licked my cock all over, sopping up every drop. Tina lay her round ass over Bobbie's face as soon as I departed the area. Bobbie did not let us down. Her momentum carried her off into a sensual never-never land. Her tongue struck hard at Tina's cunt, pushing up inside, then licking and biting all over. Immediately she ran her tongue up to Tina's brown opening. Circling it first, she rapidly pushed her tongue in and out of Tina, who, feeling the thrill herself, was

The camera focused slowly on the big cock about to penetrate her trembling, puckered asshole.

rolling her ass around and pushing it into Bobbie's face.

Cut! That's a print! Finally, a job well done.

Fucking and sucking for eight hours of shooting on a porno film is not as easy as one might expect. And putting up with porno stars who can't or won't always do what they're told is time consuming, and it costs money. But good porn stars are hard to find, so you have to develop techniques to get the most out of them.

I am reminded of one star in particular who is just about the best in the business. I worked with her on one of her first films. I remember the first time she had to be fucked in the ass by a guy with an eight inch cock which was at least three inches around. Even though she liked it, she just couldn't make it look good. Too shy to really let go. I've found that in order to get them to produce, you've got to find out what turns them on. Example:

Let's call her Janie (I don't want to use her real name because today she's one of the best). In the film, Janie was taken by a rich man to his mansion. She and about five others were to provide entertainment for that night's party. Her master was going to find out how well she took ass fucking. Janie is not very tall, about 5'2", but she has a big, beautiful round ass, with bulging tits to match. In the scene her master, Eric, orders her to bend over a table and lift her dress. Embarrassed, Janie asks that they at least go to the bedroom. Opening his zipper, Eric produces a thick, swelling cock. Still, Janie doesn't want to comply, so Eric firmly moves her to the table, bends her down and the camera focuses on his big cock about to push into her waiting asshole. At first Janie resists, but as soon as she feels his flesh meet hers, she not only submits but brings her hands around and helps spread her cheeks. Unfortunately, as Eric penetrated her widening hole, Janie began flinching and spending her time helping him get his cock in rather than getting completely turned on by it.

We spent an hour trying to find out what would get Janie excited enough to forget about helping Eric and start getting turned on. This was the result.

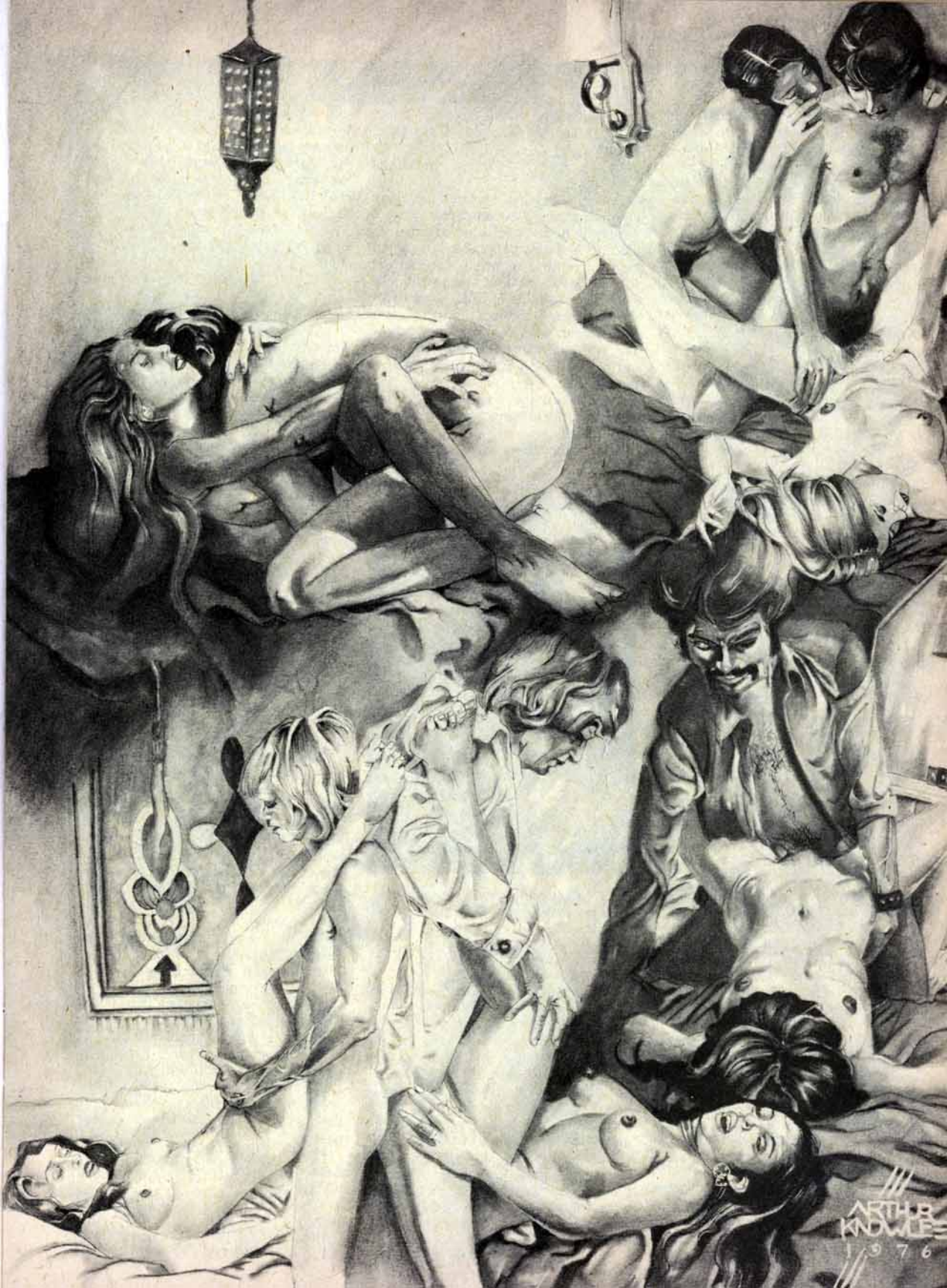
We started filming. Eric moved his long cock toward Janie. Finding her hole, he began to massage it first, then started pushing his bulging cock deep inside. I came around to Janie and showed her my own cock.

"I want you to suck me raw if that will help," I said.

Janie smiled, but I had no intention of letting her touch me. I had found out that she liked to be teased, to be hurt a little. That was her thing.

I put my cock about three inches from her mouth. As she opened in expecta-

(Continued on page 54)


ARTHUR KNOWLES
1976

Annie Sprinkles

(Continued from page 10)

can't tell you how great the rubber felt and looked. He reached under the bed and got a bottle of oil, pouring it all over the sheets and us. We slid all over each other, our skin numb under the rubber. I loved the way my big tits and hard nipplies felt rubbing against his rubber chest and ass.

No need to tell you we fucked our brains out for the rest of the day and night. We have had neighborly visits each night since. I can honestly say I've become somewhat of a rubber fetishist myself. Do try it sometime.

Dear Annie Sprinkle,

I am curious to know who your favorite porn stars are, both male and female.

Bill Bukowski
N.Y.C

Dear Bill,

As a porn movie fan, they would be Al Levitsky and Linda Lovelace. Personally, Bobby Astyr and Jody Maxwell. I really love all the porn people.

Annie

Message to Jerry and Sue: Congratulations!

Dear Annie,

I AM A LESBIAN MAN. I am NOT a homosexual. I would like more than anything to be a woman. If I were a real woman, I would be a lesbian woman. I am too old now to have a sex change, so I make do with my wigs, make-up, lingerie and padded bra. I look quite beautiful when I am made up. If I only had your tits! I love to eat pussy. I could eat for hours and hours.

I would really like to eat your cunt. Please call me. All you have to do is lie back and enjoy it. I will make you come 100 times. I just love the taste of pussy cream. Please don't douche before you come to see me. I want to savor all your cream on my tongue. I know just how a girl likes to have her nipples sucked and nibbled. I will lick you all over. I will lick all around your ass then slide my tongue in and out of your sweet-asshole. You don't have to do anything to me. Just let me play with your voluptuous body.

I really believe that every strong, beautiful woman should have four husbands: two to go out of the household to work and bring in money - one to do the cooking and housework, and one to sexually satisfy her. I want to be your husband of sex. I know it sounds crazy, but if you just call me, I can tell you more about my philosophy.

Love and kisses,
Your future husband

Dear future husband,

See you Saturday!

Dear Annie Sprinkle,

I finally got the nerve to write you and ask you about something everyone knows about but me. What is douching? how do you do it? What does it feel like? Is it for sex?

(no name)

Douching is what women do to clean out their pussies of "unwanted odors." A girl can buy a douche bag at any drug store. It is the same thing as an enema bag, but with a different nozzle. She fills the bag with water, inserts the nozzle (which has lots of little holes to let the water out) and lets the water pass through the hose deep into her pussy. The water flows out of her and down her leg, taking with it her "smelly" pussy juices.

I don't think it is a turn on. I can get off on a spray of water onto my clit, but not a douche.

Thanks for asking.

Love,
Annie

P.S. I'll mail you the instruction booklet from my douche bag kit, which will explain it further.

Dear Annie,

I am deeply in love with my girlfriend of the past 3 years. She loves me very much, too. The problem is, she is terrible in bed. She has no imagination, no desires, no technique, no anything. She just about lays there. We have talked about it a lot. She says she just isn't interested in fucking, and that she is sorry she can't please me sexually. She makes me very happy otherwise.

Annie, sex is very important to me. I love it and need it. I have come to the point that I must make a decision between the girl I love and a good sex life. Can you sprinkle some advice my way?

Confused,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Confused,

If you had a really great sex life, then sex would no longer be important, but love would. What is usually most important to a person is what they feel they are lacking. What is the most important thing in the world? Love? Sex? Neither. The answer is air, water, and food. But you see, when we have something it is no longer important.

So, I say keep the girl. Besides, love is much harder to find than sex.

Love,
Annie, the philosopher

My dear, sweet readers and writers,

I just got a little idea that I think would be fun. Write a little letter about your most bizarre sexual experience. Even if it is just a paragraph or a sentence. But please be explicit! Then next month I will print them in my column.

I was in a funny mood last night and wrote this little story for you. I hope you like it.

At the Party

At the penthouse party, Peter picked up a pair of pretty, proportionate females named Patty and Polly. Patty was a poet from Pittsburgh and Polly a painter from Panama. Peter politely proposed they pop over to his pad to partake in a more private party.

They puffed a pipe of premo pot and popped open some palatable champagne. The girls proceeded to peel their pants and panties. Peter's peepers popped when he spied Patty's pretty pair and Polly's pleasingly plump posterior. Peter proudly paraded his powerful prize prick.

Patty passionately put Peter's penis in her palm and pulled it. As Patty pulled, Peter placed his mouth on her pretty pink pussy to prelubricate it and part her pubies. Patty's pussy was pulsating. Peter placed Patty in a popular position, propping her on a pillow, and proceeded to fuck the poop out of her as she played with his prostate with her pinky. Peter periodically popped a popper and passed it.

Polly was preoccupied with her personal plastic penis which she pulled out of her purse. It pleased Polly to peer at Patty and Peter pumping.

Polly was more peculiar than Patty. Polly pleaded and persuaded Peter to punish her with a spanking, her pet peeve. Peter pounded her with his palm until she turned purple with pain.

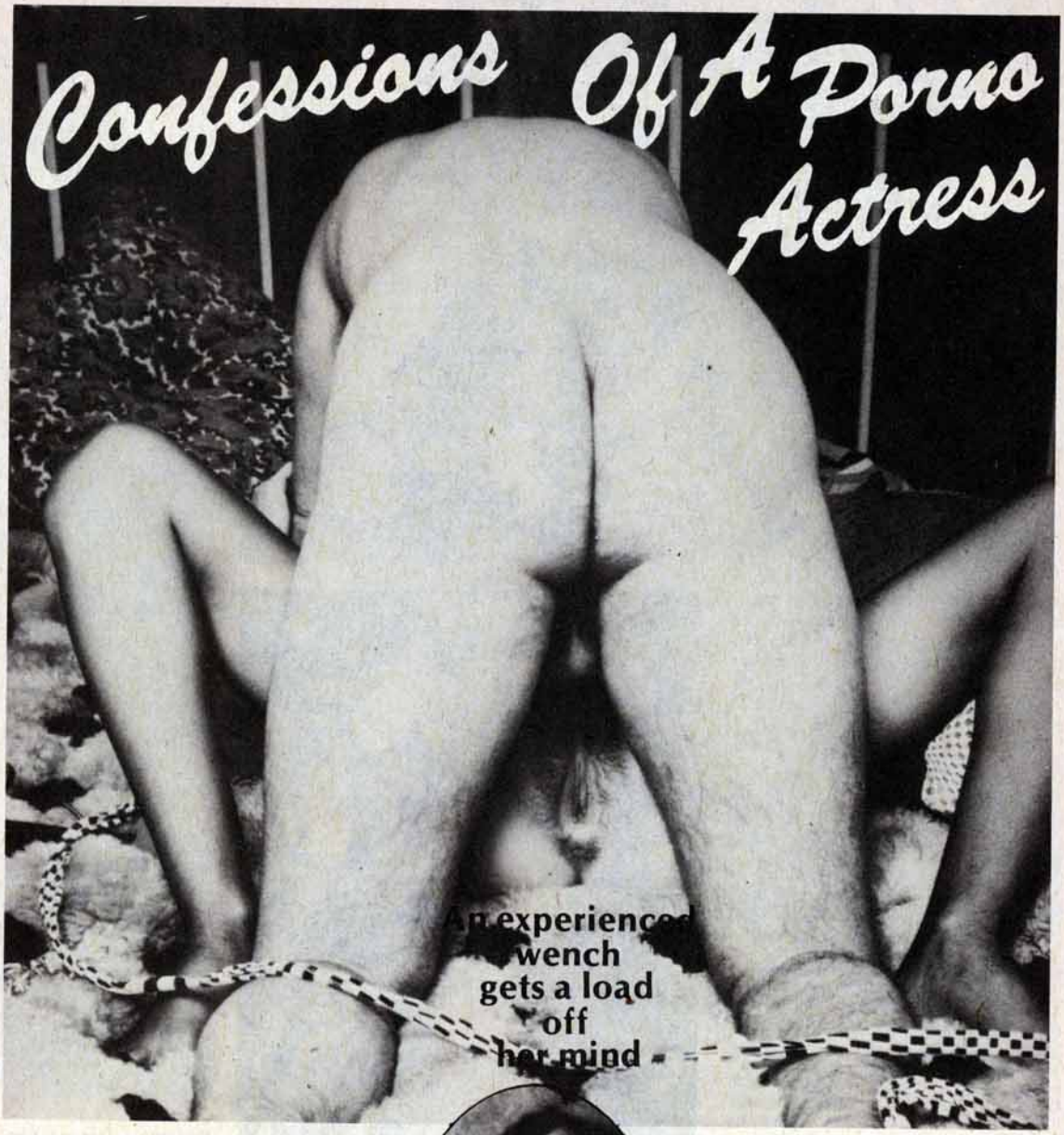
Polly was not on the pill to prevent pregnancy, so she put a prophylactic on Peter's pecker before he penetrated her passage.

Peter peaked and spasmodically passed his sperm from his pole (not prematurely).

What a perfect pleasure party, Peter picked.

AND YOU THOUGHT PETER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS!!! ●

Confessions Of A Porno Actress

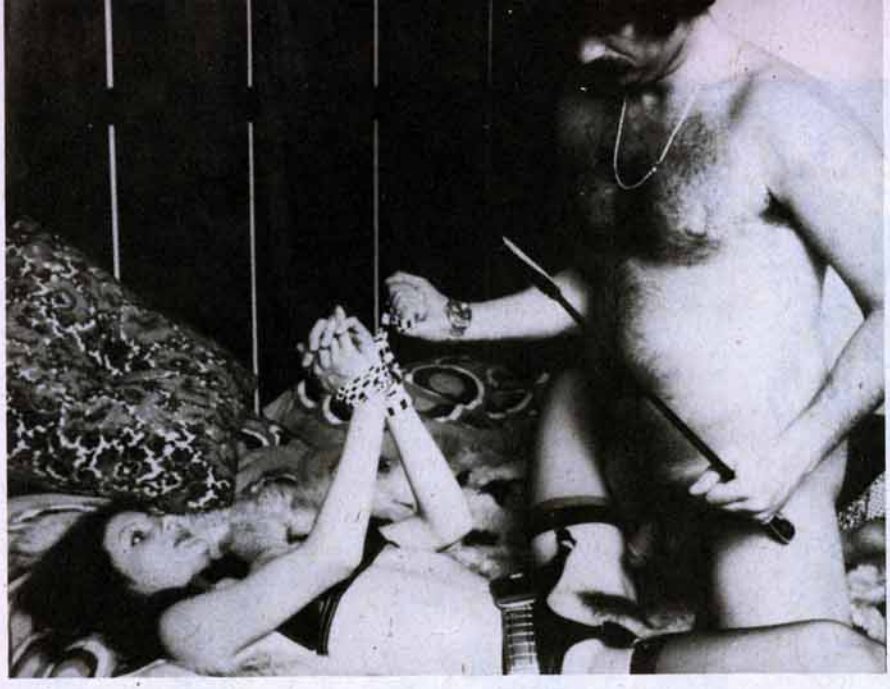


By Elaine Beck

■ I'm a six-shooter in the porno movie-making trade, and proud of it. Six-shooting means bringing six guys to orgasm all at the same time, and it involves superb balling techniques on the part of the single actress involved. I practiced six-shooting at every opportunity before making it my speciality in X-rated sex movies. It's not easy to accommodate and synchronize six big dicks so that the camera can show them spouting semen into my mouth or on my face, on my belly after being inside my cunt, on the cheeks of my ass after reaming my anus, on both hands after I've jacked off a guy with each one, on my breasts and nipples after I've squeezed a cock dry between my big boobs, and on my feet and legs after masturbasting yet another long dong between the insteps of my feet.

That takes some doing and consequently I'm proud of being one of the most skilled six-shooters in the business. I can collect $500 for one hour's acting, providing the climactic six-shooter scene is played by six studs with big cocks who can sustain their erections and hold back their loads until each one is ready to blow. They have to have a massive reserve of love-juice, too, on the day we shoot, in case the producer insists on repeats.

But it's wonderful to feel that you're



a six-shooting star when you're enjoying those massive love muscles between your legs and ass, in your mouth, your hands and the rest! The looks on the big studs' faces as they explode in a six-shooting shower is enough to make any talented sex-flick queen feel fulfilled. Those guys throw back their heads, close their eyes and writhe with sheer ecstasy as I give them the business—and it's not acting! They really get turned on by my six-shooting act, and, brother, so does the audience! Any guy who doesn't achieve an instant iron-hard erection when watching me squeeze and stroke six swollen pricks at the same time has got to be two hundred years old.

It's not easy to jack off two guys with both hands... at the same time!

It thrills the chicks in the audience, too. I've seen hundreds of them writhing in the throes of involuntary orgasm as they watch me do my multiple manipulation act. That's what porno films are all about. They're produced with one overriding object in mind—to arouse and stimulate the viewer sexually. Today such films are not only shown openly in commercial theaters but are frequently advertised in newspapers.

Apart from my sensational sex-shooting specialization I have taken part, as a porno actress, in almost every kind of stag movie or film production depicting explicit sexual relations. The plots are so simple as to be almost laughable, but plots are not what the audience pays good money for. Boy meets girl for the purpose of screwing or sexplay, so why waste time on the preliminaries of conventional seduction? Both men and women are portrayed as ready and willing to have sexual relations in the nude with anybody, at any time and in any position.

I've taken part in every kind of sex film imaginable. I'm ready with every hole in my body.

Expert lip and mouth work is an essential for girls trying to make it with porn.

Most of the movies I've worked in show the actors and actresses using an ingenious variety of sexual techniques, but the basic sex act portrayed is still ordinary intercourse with the man-above position most frequently shown.

The women-above position, showing her sitting on the erect penis, kneeling with her knees at his sides, or lying down belly-to-belly, are also shown, usually with full closeups of the penis, testicle and vaginal area during screwing.

Purely for dramatic effect, in movie-made coitus the male is told to withdraw and ejaculate outside the vagina. This is shown in vivid detail by a close-up of the penis ejaculating on the stomach, buttocks or breast of the woman. Fellatio, or the sucking off of the penis by the woman, is commonly used to depict foreplay, and in many cases is useful for producing a hard-on worth photographing. Male actors often have difficulty maintaining a good erection, especially when scenes are shot more than once. Expert lip and mouth work is an essential qualification for girls trying to make it in porno movies. Occasionally the male will be fellated to ejaculation, and as in conventional screwing he is usually expected to withdraw and ejaculate on the woman's face, breasts or elsewhere.

Licking the labia of the woman and inserting the tongue into the vagina (cunnilingus) are also shown in detail during foreplay. It helps if the girl has a bigger-than-average clitoris so that the camera can zoom in on this female love button and if possible show it in erection. At times cunnilingus and fellatio will be depicted being performed simultaneously. "Sixty-nine," of course, is another—and more appropriate—term for this stimulating caper.

Lesbian activities between two naked chicks are often shown. They involve mutual masturbation, breast and nipple stimulation, and cunnilingus. Homosexual relations between two or more men are shown only in those theaters that specialize in homosexual erotica.

Sex films today have a kind of formula of their own, a bare-bones structure on which almost every hard-core flick is built. Showmen identify set pieces, or scenes, which make the product eligible for playoff to the broadest possible audience. Producers identify the formula as: *(Continued on page 56)*

INTERVIEW WITH MARLENE WILLOUGHBY

Marlene Willoughby is a well known porn starlet whose talents both on and off screen are very impressive. Here, Flick's own Al Hazrad conducts a clearly revealing interview!

Interview by Al Hazrad

■ People notice Marlene Willoughby for several excellent reasons. First of all, she's tall—5'10"—and possessed of the sleek, sultry attractiveness of a high-fashion model. She's been a fashion model, but she's also modelled for photographers—a number of our high-priced competitors have been slavering after her, and she's had spreads in certain magazines with (a) rabbits and (b) cherries on their covers.

But Marlene has something which most fashion models lack: she radiates erotic power! Marlene moves with the totally un-self-conscious sexual grace of a she-panther. Perhaps it's her intense, cock-wrenching aura of sexuality which moved L.A. sculptor Ralph Massey to use her as the model for a very

You can't come to the set and be hateful, and then expect to get fucked properly, can you? I'm always armed with a good attitude.

successful erotic sculpture series whose purchasers include Andy Williams.

Marlene has had lead parts in *Intimidation, Trouble With Young Stuff* and *Dominatrix Without Mercy*. She brings a touch of class to the sometimes seedy world of erotic film. That's one reason she tends to get noticed even in films like *Sweet Punkin* and *Love in Strange Places*, where she has smaller roles. In SCREW's review of *Love in Strange Places*, for instance, the reviewer singled her out for her witty and believable portrayal of a woman who thinks she's Josephine Bonaparte: "Marlene...was one of these pleasant surprises; she doesn't have a big part, but what she does she carries off competently and humorously." Which leads us to another good reason for people to notice Marlene in films: the broad can *act*! There ain't many porn starlets you can accuse of acting, but Marlene has the ability to throw herself into a wide variety of roles, from innocent teenager to seductive vampire,while keeping only one thing constant: a hard-on for every red-blooded male in the audience!

We interviewed Marlene in her West Village apartment. It was just the sort of flat you might expect for an aspiring young actress: sparsely furnished with comfortably ancient sofa and chairs, but with lots of bright, loud show posters (many from plays Marlene's acted in) on the walls. In the bedroom, the walls were covered with paintings all done in a subtle, neo-primitive style. The artist? You guessed it: the versatile Marlene! But keep that to yourselves, or

He was eating me and...sort of playing with my clit. Hey! If I say anymore he'll know who he is!

else the world of porn may lose a starlet to the much more decadent world of fine art.

Question: Let's start with the obvious question: what's a nice girl like you doing in a business like this?

Answer: Nice girl? Why, thanks. My reasons are pretty simple. The first is money, of course...I'm very well paid for what I do. My second reason...when I work in large non-porn movies,I work as an extra. When I work in porn, I get lead roles. I like that.

Q.: What was it like, the first time you balled in front of a camera?

A.: That was when I did some inserts for a movie called *Love Lords*. Actually I was really nervous before. I wasn't sure...should I do it...shouldn't I do it? For a couple of days I was just a mental wreck. You know, deciding...my God.

I had my cherry popped when I was nineteen! It was the worst. I was drunk, and this guy was on top of me and pumping away. I've been pumping for pay ever since!

Marlene displays some of her juicy gash-flesh for the Flick audience!

And then...I know this sounds crazy, but on the morning of the shooting I listened to Oral Roberts on the radio. He was doing a sermon on how you should think positively...that everything will work out right for you...you know...something *good* will happen to you today. I just thought of it very positively. I kept thinking, "This is going to be fun." And it *was*! Ever since,it's been fine. I just try to separate it from my personal life. You're on a set, with people who all want to work together. You all want to

I can't deep throat John Holmes. It's impossible. I can only swallow about half of his fifteen inch pig-sticker.

pay the rent, so you might as well relax and enjoy it. Most people in porn have the same attitude. You can't come to the set and be hateful and then expect someone to *fuck* you...you better be friendly, or forget about it.

Q.: Speaking of that, what's been your experience with other porn actors and actresses? What are they like as people?

A.: Most of them are professionals. Like one of the girls is a lawyer...she's doing this for the money to finish law school. Then a lot are legitimate actors who are

I never fuck anyone unless I know they already have a hard-on before they take their pants off.

doing this for the money *and* the experience of working in film. Once in a while you get some drifters, but they don't stay long. Almost everybody I've met has been really friendly and good. The producers, directors, actors. It's just the opposite of the so-called legitimate agencies...legitimate auditions. *That's* where you find the real S.O.B.'s. In porn, it's like a family. Everyone's very honest. Understanding. I feel like they're all my family.

Q.: Here's another question you prob-

Okay. When I masturbate, I imagine a big shiny pair of men's boots. Big boots. With a juicy cock dangling above me as I kneel and lick the boots.

ably get alot: do you ever get off on the set?

A.: Once in a while, sure. It depends on who I'm with. Certain people I'm chemically...physically attuned to.

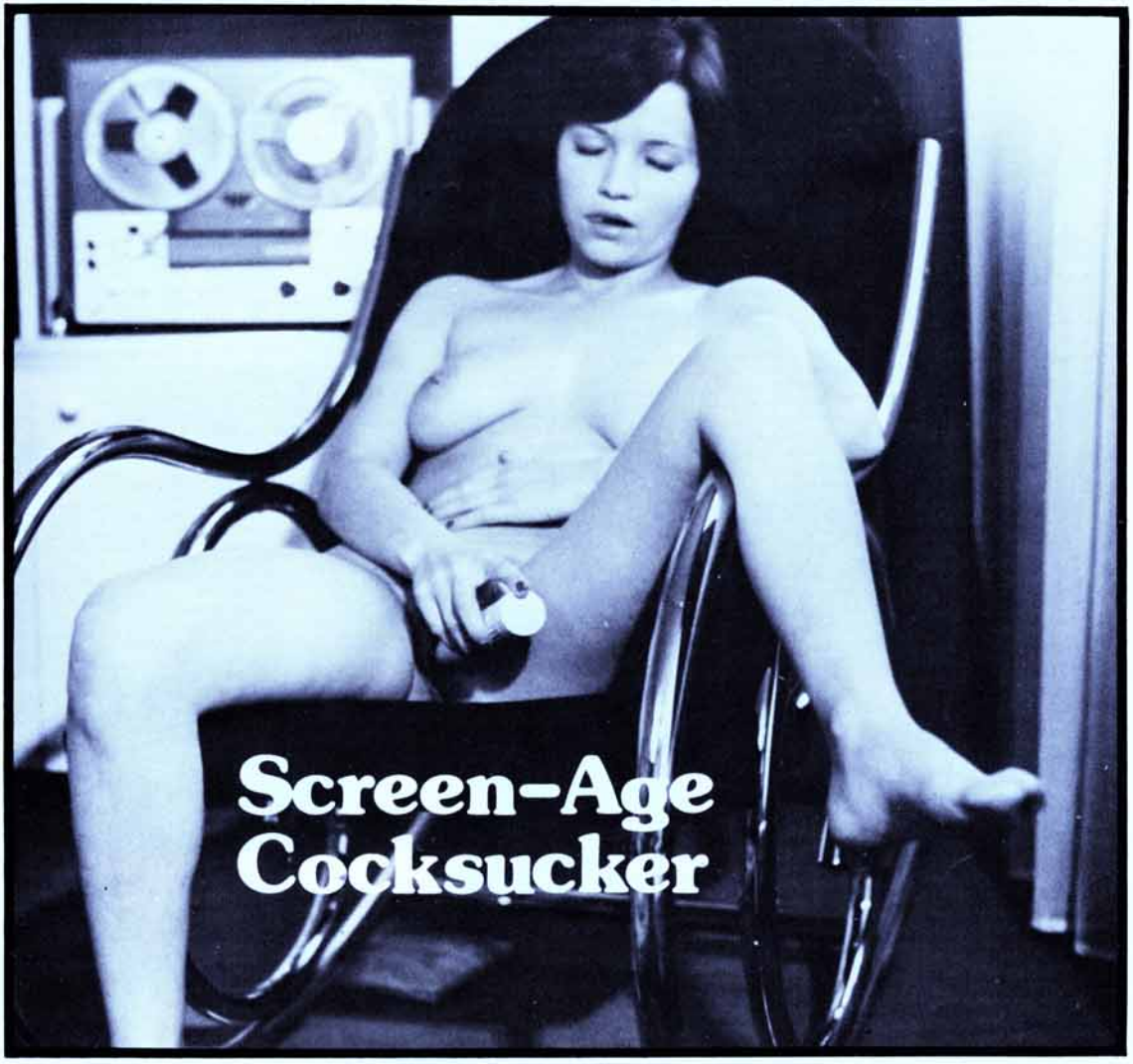
Q.: Do you remember the last time you came on a set?

A.: The last time? Oh my God...the last time. Ha ha ha.

Q.: Make it up if you want to.

A.: No. I *do* remember the last time. It was with the same person who's done it

(Continued on page 58)



Screen-Age Cocksucker

A horny young usherette can't keep her mouth off the patrons!

By Ron Smith

The young farmhand had the girl cornered. She fell to her knees, pleading for mercy, but it was no use. He threw her to the dirty barn floor, ripping her dress from her body. She crouched and cowered, her hands buried in her crotch, her lips trembling, her big boobs jiggling. The guy pulled his cock out of his tight pants and approached her, his hanging meat swinging like a pendulum. By the time it had reached her wide staring eyes, it was hard as a hammer. Meekly she took the tool in her mouth and began to suck. The slurping sounds of her tongue and her lips drawing up and down on his fat wad could be heard all around the barnyard, all around the movie theater.

The girl on the screen cupped the heavy balls in her hand, sucking urgently as he whispered filthy words.

■Sharon stared at the screen, watching as the girl closed her eyes, enjoying the pleasure of sucking on that cock. The girl cupped the farmhand's balls and sucked urgently as he softly cursed, calling her every filthy name he could think of. Sharon leaned back against the wall and felt her chest flushing hot red, her heart beating strong, her cunt loose with juice. She hardly heard Mr. Roderick whispering at her.

"Miss Shumway—Sharon—"

"Un—oh, oh, yes. Mr. Roderick?"

Mr. Roderick grimaced, so sour that Sharon could see it even in the dark of the theater.

"You're supposed to be the usherette! You're supposed to watch the patrons, not the movie!"

"It won't happen again, sir," Sharon whispered. "I'll be all right, don't worry."

Mr. Roderick handed the new girl a flashlight.

"All right, Miss Shumway. You work the next four-hour shift. When it's over, report to my office for your first day's pay. And remember, I'll be keeping an eye on you."

The manager turned and padded up

the carpeted aisles. Sharon shook her head. How could the guy possibly keep an eye on her? Did he have the eyes of a bat? He looked a little like a rodent, the nasty little man. Sharon fingered her flashlight and started patrolling the aisles. Every once in a while she glanced up at the flickering screen. She could feel her cunt lips moist and hot as she walked. She didn't realize porn flicks were so hard—that they could

White gobs of cum were running in rivulets down the sweaty crack of her ass.

show what they did! She had lied to Mr. Roderick about having worked in a porn theater before—but she thought they just showed boring reels of kissing and nudity and a lot of phony moaning and groaning.

She looked up at the screen. The girl was on her hands and knees, sweat glistening on her body, the camera zooming in for sharp closeups of her cunt. And then her twat got stuffed full of cock, the camera pulling back to show the young man plowing the girl's ass, the soundtrack rising in volume as

They were watching the 3-D reality of a horny usherette lying in the dirty aisle, with her fingers working in and out of her wet cunt.

the girl moaned and groaned, the guy's thighs bouncing off her fleshy butt cheeks as he slammed his cock deep inside her, pummeling away until he pulled out and sprayed a heaping load of cum all over her ass. The girl stayed on her knees, the white gobs running in rivulets down the crack of her ass, teeming in her cunt and pubic hair. Then she sank exhausted into the dirt.

Sharon held the flashlight tightly,

She stood up dizzily, her skirt around her waist, her face glistening with fresh cum.

stroking it, feeling it's long hardness. She was getting so hot watching the flicks—she jerked the flashlight and it suddenly went on, shooting a thin white beam of light directly into the face of the guy on the aisle near her.

"H—hey," he called out in shock and embarrassment, removing his hand from the front of his pants.

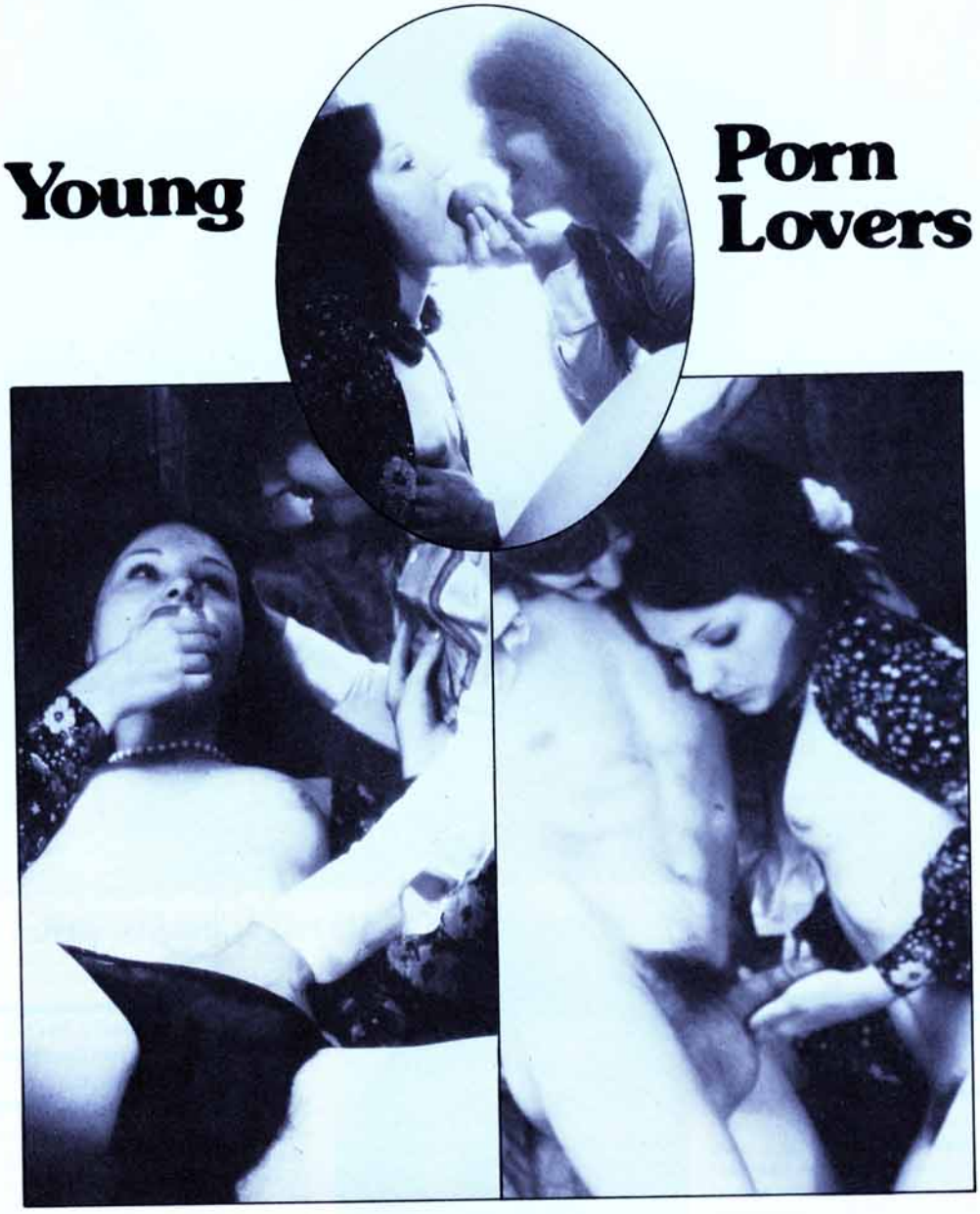
"Sorry—it was an accident!" Sharon whispered urgently. "I'm sorry—watch the movie—watch the movie."

Sharon headed toward the back of

(Continued on page 60)

Larry and Cyndy

Young Porn Lovers



Larry and Cyndy have been into each other since they were little kids. "We used to explore each other's bodies in the bushes behind our houses," confesses Cyndy. "By the time we were teenagers, Larry was used to coming in my mouth every day. I loved it!"

Now that they've grown up, Larry and Cyndy are making movies together. "We don't have any inhibitions on stage," says Cyndy. " I love Larry's prick so much I'll make love to it anywhere. Sometimes I think that making love on film is even sexier than in private. When I'm stuffed with a big fat juicy cock, I lose all self control. That's why I'm so good on film. I'm not faking anything!"

Busting the Tubes: Confessions of a TV Repairman Stud

By Tom White

■ Hot damn! I mean, I'm there. I'm seeing it, every blessed bit of it. And I'm not believing any of it.

Here I am a working stiff, trying to earn an honest dollar towards a Harley Davidson which has caught my eye. This has brought me to the living room of Mrs. R.L. James (obviously not her right name, for reasons which will become obvious later on). I'm squatting behind a temperamental XL-100, making the final adjustments on the vertical hold. I've asked Mrs. R.L. James to hold a mirror in front of the set so that I can see what's going on in the picture tube. I raise up a bit to get a better view.

The view I get has never been seen on

"I get a splendid view of a pink snatch through the empty glass. It belongs to the horny lady of the house."

Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, Rich Man, Poor Man, Police Story or any other TV shows you can name. It's a view of Mrs. R.L. James' ("Call me Betty, luv!") snatch. Her pink panties are rolled down to her knees and her thighs are spread as far as they'll go.

She's holding her skirt bunched up around her waist with one hand, and the mirror with the other. Either she's hunting for crabs, or this has to be the most graphic come-on a guy has ever gotten. Now, you know people who live in $85,000 split levels don't have crabs, so it's got to be the other. I know that too, and I can feel the sweat begin to drip down from my armpits. That's not all I feel. There's an instant throbbing in my prick and the sensitive head is scraping hard against my jeans.

I tear my eyes away from the reflection of Betty's crotch and stare open-mouthed at her beautiful face. She tosses her golden curls and favors me with an impish smile. "I'm a natural blonde," she coos. "And I can prove it."

"You already have!" I gasp.

"I can prove lots of other things," Betty says. "That is, if you're man enough to crawl out here and try me."

What's a guy to do—especially if he's a naturalist. I give a fleeting thought to the possibilities that I might be being set up for a rape fall. I know there are kookie dames around who get their jollies by leading a guy on and then blowing the whistle on him. But hell, you play it safe, you live seventy or eighty years and you have nothing to show for it.

I crawl out from behind the set. Betty has put the mirror down but she's still holding the skirt bunched up. She wrig-

"I run a finger into her asshole, while she's writhing and screaming and begging for more.."

gles in my direction in little mincing steps. The panties around her dimpled knees have hobbled her long, tapering legs and the sight of her is both funny and sexy as hell.

"Are you hungry, darling?" she whispers.

Man, I'm starving. It's like I've been on a three year hunger strike. I wrap my arms around Betty's soft pliant ass and pull her to me. I tongue the inside of her naked thighs, working my way to that dripping honey box. Betty's oohing and aahing and flowing as if she's about to go out of her skull. I spread her cunt lips with my tongue and find her hardened clit. Betty gives a little scream of joy as I clamp down on the swollen clit with my teeth.

It's nice and warm and soft and dark with my head pressed into her belly. The womanly smells of perfume and talcum and cunt juices are delightful. Betty's wriggling and squirming and pulling on my hair for all she's worth. I run a finger into her asshole and she hangs there, impaled on my finger and screaming for more.

I feel the vibes of Betty's orgasm going through me. Her asshole tightens around my finger, keeping it firmly locked there. The shock waves in her belly beat against my forehead. She doesn't have to tell me that I've brought her off.

She tells me anyway. She yells over and over again, "My God, you're the best I've ever known! What can I do for you?"

"If there were some kind of contest, she'd be Miss Universal Cocksucker of the Year."

She knows damn well. She knows the next course is going to be hers and she makes little slurping sounds with her mouth to let me know she's as much of a gourmet as I am.

Is she ever. Betty changes position. Now she's kneeling on that wall to wall carpeting, her hands reaching into my pants and releasing my cock. She holds it in her hand, just staring at it in admiration. I fiddle with my belt, dropping my Levis and jockey shorts at one and the same time. Betty fondles my prick against her cheek and playfully squeezes my balls. It's my turn to climb the walls.

This girl's all technique. If there were some international competition for giving head, she'd be Miss Universal Cock Sucker of 1977, or maybe of the century. She flicks her tongue over the head of my prick. She runs it down the

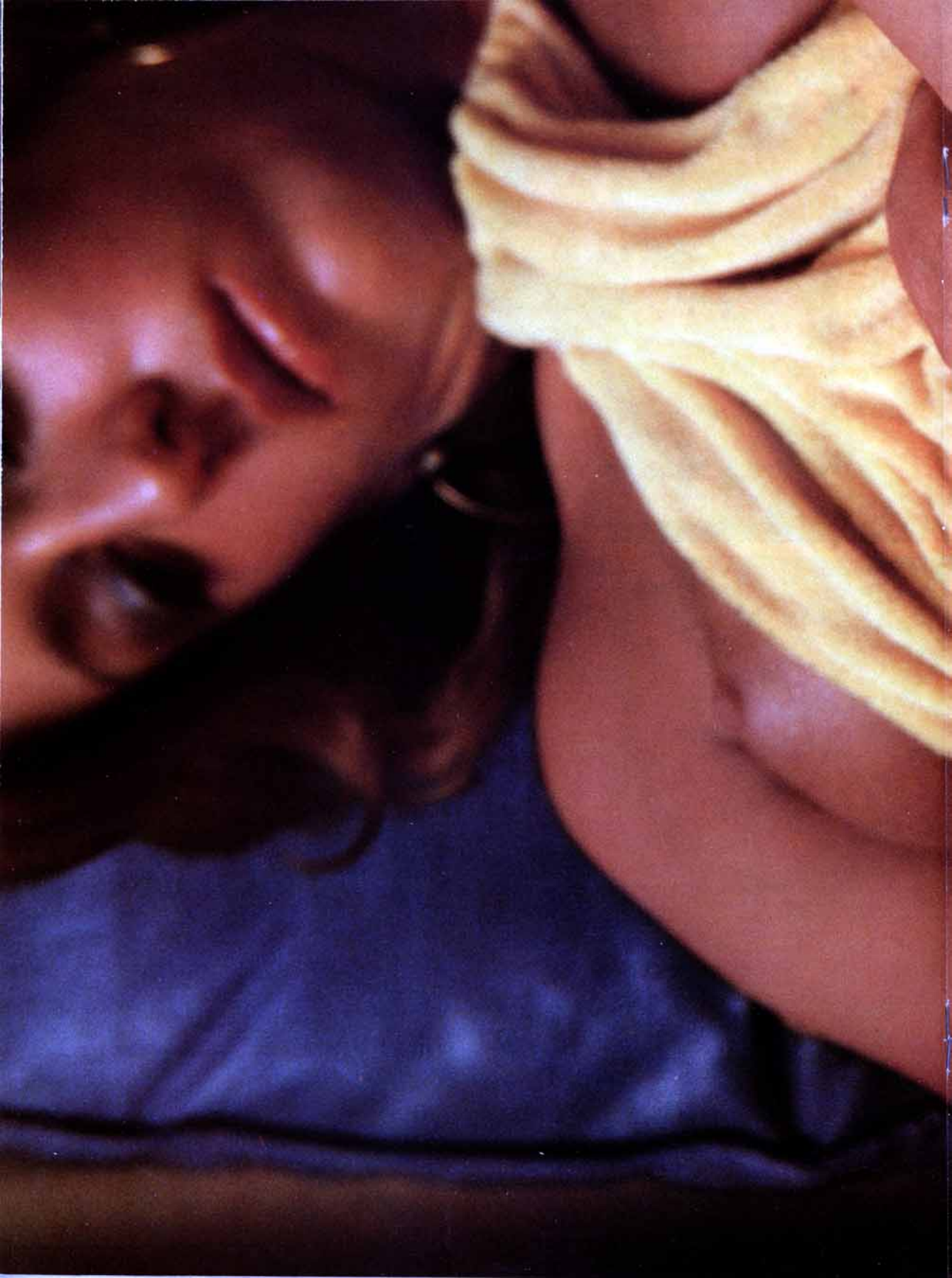
(Continued on page 64)

TOM'S
T.V. REPAIR

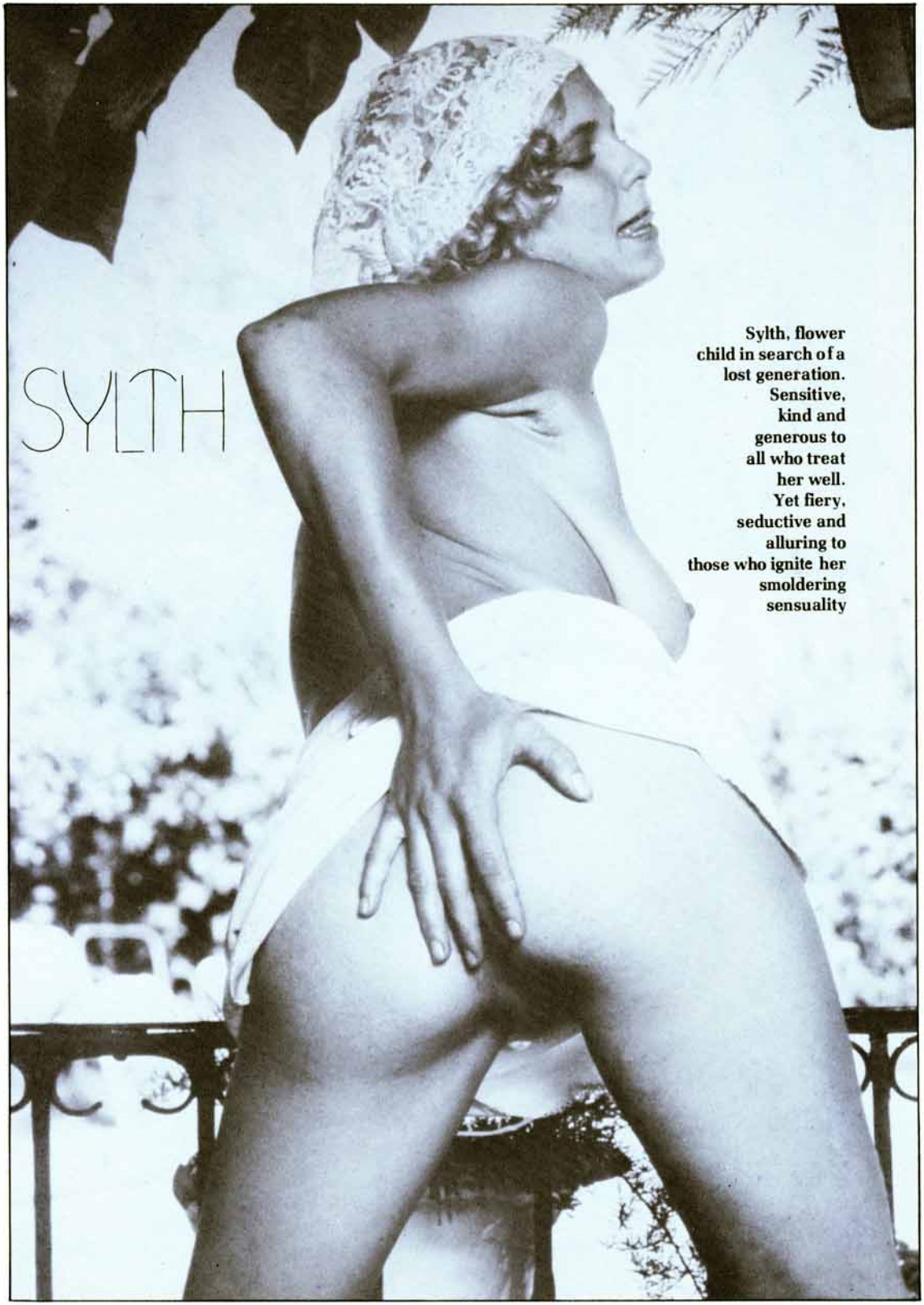
Starlet of the Issue

Lisa Worth

Lisa did a lot of modelling when she was younger, but her major ambition was to be in the movies. She isn't an inhibited girl at all, and she loves to talk about her feelings. "I love to get a man all hot and excited with my lips. When I suck on a man's cock I feel like I'm in control."



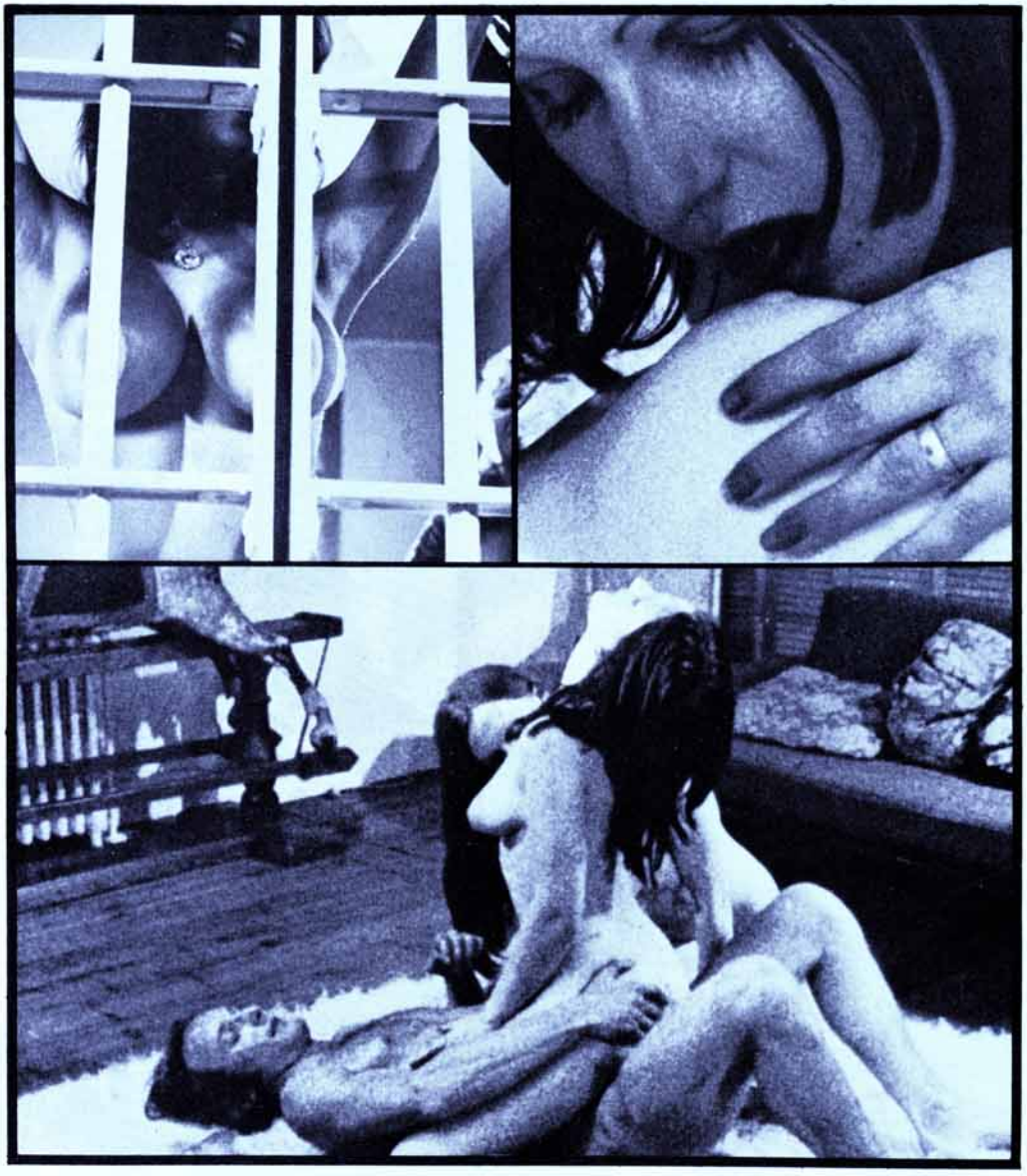
**"That's why I like to be
in the movies....I know I'm getting a lot of men turned on with my body.
I love to think of them getting
all excited by watching me.
But best of all, I like to take those hard cocks into my pussy. I only like
sex when a man's as hard as
a rock. Then I could fuck all day!"**



Sylth, flower child in search of a lost generation. Sensitive, kind and generous to all who treat her well. Yet fiery, seductive and alluring to those who ignite her smoldering sensuality

Sylth loves nature's attention. She loves her man's attention even more. In return for giving Sylth her outdoor freedom, she'll give a lucky man the indoor time of his life.

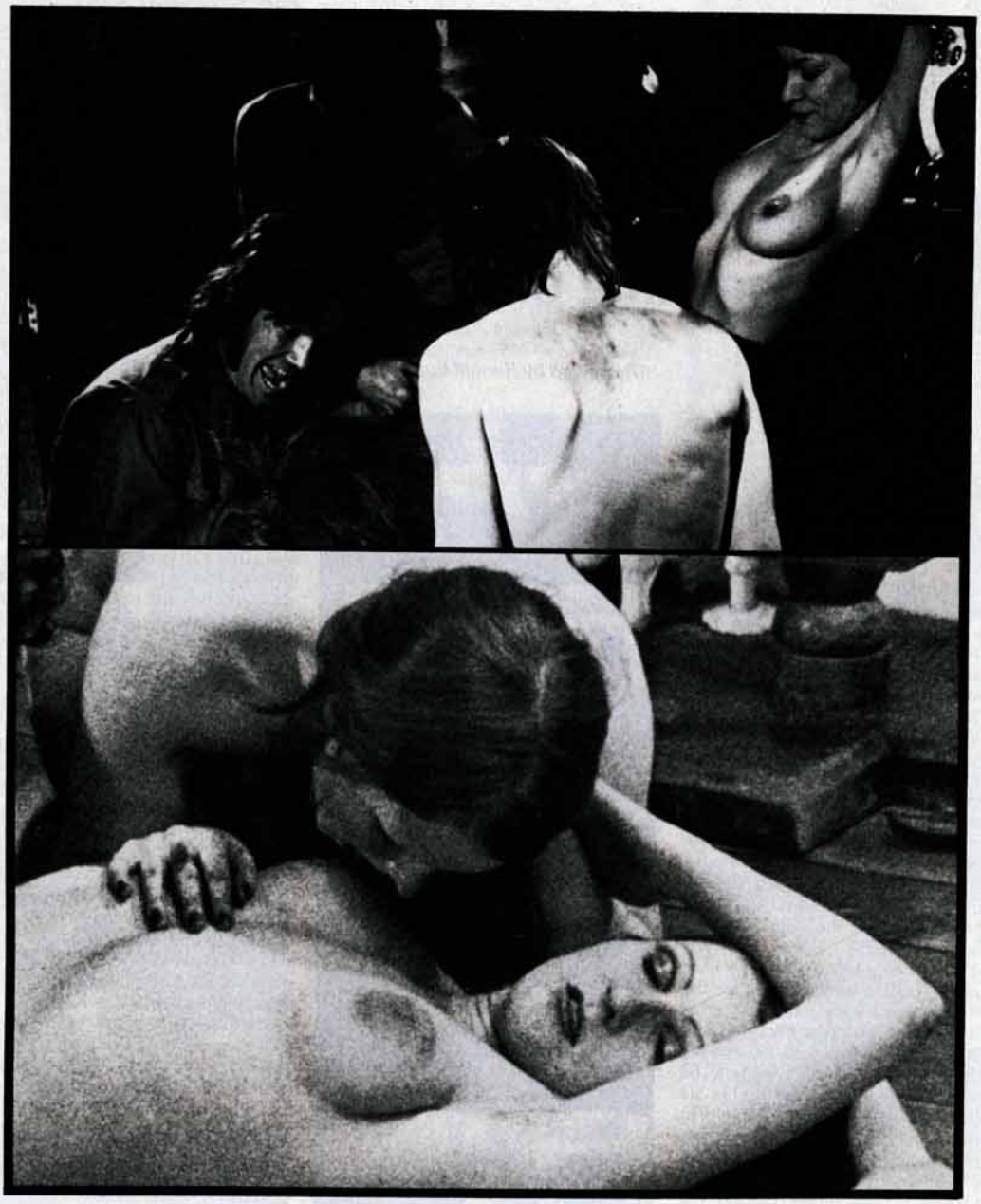
Porn Brokers



The Porn Broker is a hot new film starring Jamie Gillis and Helen Madigan. This isn't a film for the squeamish or the weak at heart. If cold-cocking and writhing and screaming is the type of fare that scares you off, then try elsewhere. Everything in this film is the genuine article. Hard facts!

Dildoes in London Porn shop get those young cunts dripping with great expectations!

After being forced to suck the cream of Stockholm's stud population, this unfortunate teen is rewarded with a severe lesson in discipline!



Three drunken men, one donkey and
a squealing female add up to horrific excitement!

Bestiality isn't the worst of what's served up in this fast-paced hard core flick. There's a real S&M parlor in Stockholm, along with a back-stage look at the London strip joint where all the suckers aren't the customers!

8mm Review

Checking out Tina's Twat

Reviewed by Ronald L. Smith

■For those who have enjoyed the erotic antics of Tina Russell on the wide screen—rejoice! There is plenty of spread wide fun available for horny movie fans. Among the 8mm 200 foot reel movies available starring lovely Tina are these three releases:

Tina's Twat is a new one from ESQUIRE FILMS. It starts out with the lady lounging in bed, fantasizing about tasting something nice and sticky—a pizza. She lounges on the silver bedspread, raising her satin nightgown and dipping her fingers into her quim. Her hips begin to shake in rhythm as she quickens her strokes. The camera crawls up close to watch her fingers jerk inside her long wet slit. The pizza man arrives—and the pizza is forgotten.

The guy leans on Tina and they both land on the bed, in good position for the man to do some eating out. He cups Tina's buns as he drives his tongue in her twat and as she crawls toward his crotch, his pecker pops up, ready to be reemed. She deep-throats him, sucks his cockhead like a lollipop and then sits in his lap for a lay. He plows her for a missionary finale, wiping things up by flopping his cumming cock into her mouth. The pizza may have gotten cold, but the movie is hot. Part of Esquire's long awaited second series of films, it's a winner.

Window Washer is the title of Tina's movie for FLAMING FILMS. She's at it again, masturbating herself to climax. With her panties pulled to one side, she licks her fingers and digs deep into her pie. From his vantage point of the window ledge, the young window washer is getting an eyeful. Tina notices him and while coolly continuing to cram her clam, she invites him in. Stripping him down, the guy stands up tall, itchy to get at it. Tina's in control and when she sits next to him on the couch, he stands alongside her and waits to get a licking. She opens wide and swallows his cock, licking him with her long tongue, striding up and down on his slick stick, pausing only to kiss his balls. She looks up at him, her mouth full of cock and her cunt boiling to be banged.

Lying flat on her back she's ready for a ball busting fuck. Her legs up high in the air, she digs every deep thrust. She gets on top and really cooks, moving her body up and down so the guy can just lie there and dig her dick-pleasing dexterity. She impales herself over and over again, the camera getting a frontal view of her slit-searing screw, and then later showing her buns banging away. When the window washer shoots his wad, hungry Tiny is waiting, licking him up as he fills her palm with cum.

Tina has done so much work in these two films it's only fitting that she get a rest. In a film from VIVA, she hardly moves a muscle, because the name of the movie is **The Necrophiliac** and she plays the part of a corpse!

The movie begins with Tina's lover crouched over her coffin at the funeral parlor. Her mahogany coffin is covered in flowers and bathed in an eerie blue light. The man opens the lid and there is Tina, lying stone dead. The guy wants to remember her just as she was in life—a first rate fuck. So he opens her creaking jaws and stuffs his cock down her throat. He fucks her face until he cums, sending juicy streams shooting down her mouth and along her neck. Not yet satisfied fully, he strips Tina down, taking off her dress, pulling down her panties, pausing only to rub her pale blue skin and squeeze her dry bushed quim.

With the blue lights adding just the right ghostly touch, and shadows rising and falling as he performs his dirty work, the movie reaches a climax when the young man props Tina up in the coffin, her face buried in her funeral pillow, her ass up in the air, inviting a last fuck. After licking her dead cunt, he sears her snatch with his fat cock, fucking Tina until he is fulfilled, cumming across the cheeks of her ice blue ass. The necrophile's pleasure is so intense that he has a heart attack and falls on top of the dead girl, the coffin closing down on them both.

For horror fans, **The Necrophiliac** is a rather well done little flick. Tina manages to keep stiff while getting stuffed, although she does find it hard not to swallow when her mouth is getting filled with semen.

There are more than a few horror flicks around, and most are extremely bad. **Young Dracula** from FREAK OUT FILMS is an example of an unsuccessful attempt at combining ghouls and gash. In a dungeon full of amateurish props, Dracula and his bride reside, making faces at the naked man and woman who are chained to a wall. The film is half over before any hardcore action begins, the entire first half being devoted to the home movie style mugging of the two costumed clowns. After some mock biting and some feeble attempt at torment, the two slaves are allowed to take part in a poorly filmed orgy. The two women lie on a low table as Dracula and the male slave plug them, fucking mechanically until they each pull out and deposit a few drops into the girls' pubes. To compound the lack of carnality, the foursome all stand around at the end of the movie smiling at the camera. One girl holds up a sign that reads "Dracula Unfair! We Won't Wear Phony Wigs, Fangs or Funky Dresses!". There are other films from Freak Out Films that are just as freaked out and fucked up. But perhaps the most peculiar of these pseudo-horror movies is one called **Ping Pong Escapes**, which shows a terrified girl being fucked by a guy in a gorilla suit. Now that's a fetish!

She deep-throats him, sucks his cock like a lollipop, and then sits in his lap for a good, deep lay.

8mm porn flicks are legal in some areas of the country and quasi-legal in others. It's difficult to advise patrons of home projected porn on the availability of these movies. Kinematics, Box 352 N.Y., N.Y. 10019 supplied the films for review and have indicated they are a mail-order firm that stays within the current legal boundaries. ●

The Starlets

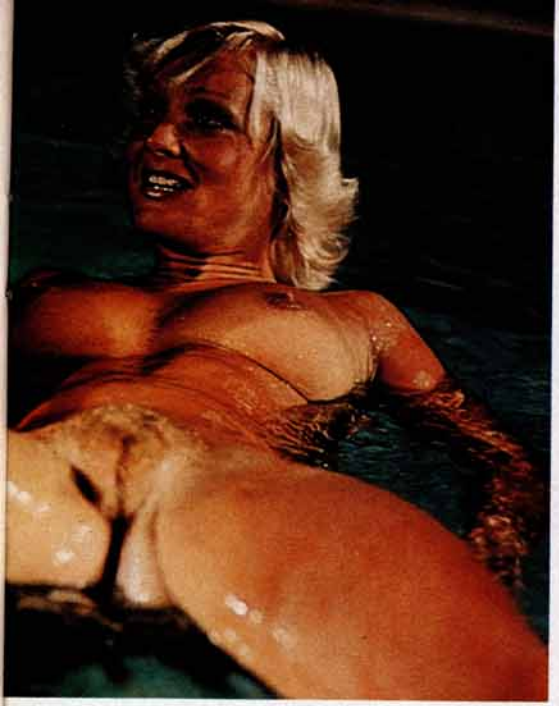
Three Dimensional Sex Comes to the Screen

■ **The Starlets** is an X-rated feature that uses a new gimmick for porn flicks—3-D vision. Although this technique is nothing new, the effects can be pretty far out. One is ushered into the darkened theater and given a pair of specs that are made out of cardboard and thin polarized plastic. It's the fifties all over again as hundreds of patrons stare at the screen, directly into the gashes of the charming nymphets on screen.

With the incredible 3-D photography, the throbbing full-sized sex organs seem to leap out of the screen. A juicy breast or an open cunt can almost be touched...

Although the 3-D vision process makes the colors a bit muddy, the effects come off pretty well. At times, it

(Continued on page 51)



"Norma Jean" lounges in the pool of the Starler's Club while waiting for the action to pick up.

Budding teen-age starlet gets a closer examination by ersatz 'doctor'.

Breaking into the flicks isn't all hard work...this starlet takes her pay in trade.

seems that the action comes right off the screen above the audience. A note for those who wear glasses—make sure you bring them along. This process requires two good eyes for the images to focus together properly.

The movie itself is a fairly well photographed, amusing movie, with enough fucking and sucking to satisfy most tastes. There is little plot, if any. Most of the story seems to center around a supposed Marilyn Monroe look-alike who is named, you guessed it, Norma Jean.

We enter a brightly lit ersatz YMCA, with a pool and sun tan lights. The name Starlet's Club is on the door, and the place is filled with, you guessed it again, nubile young starlets. A beefy fellow in a yellow shirt with the inscription Swimming Instructor is wallowing in the pool. It doesn't take long for some good looking bitch to float over and have her leaks corked.

From then on, the fucking and sucking is non-stop, with various little skits all vagely related to the process of porno star-making. There's a scene with a young girl and a doctor, who quickly comes to the source of her problem with a little cunnilingual action. By the way, there's some excellent underwater photography in the pool.

There's a succulent crop of eager young pussies waiting in the Starlet's Club . There's hardly a hole in the picture that doesn't get well stuffed with cock.

Other starlets fade in and out of the picture, doing what porno starlets do best. There are some good looking people in this movie, and even a little humor.

The scene with the pornographer managed to bring a chuckle out of this generally jaded reviewer.

Other cuties in this flick include a gorgeous black girl and a sensuous oriental chick. They all go all the way, with cocksucking seemingly a specialty of the house.

This isn't a movie to see if you demand entertainment, plotwise. But if you like good, hard-core fucking and sucking, with a little humor thrown in, this film is for you.

And yes. The last few minutes of the film are a special effects treat in 3-D. There is a science-fiction sequence, with Norma Jean as Nymphorella, urging you to enjoy sexual freedom. While this ending has little to do with the film, it is a good display of the potential of the 3-D technique. Others, such as Andy Warhol, have used this technique in some modern flicks. I think this area is wide open for development.

MAITRESSE

Beating 'em into submission in style

■ The scene is a silent, ominously lit dungeon, filled with the latest in gruesome torture apparatus. A cassette deck starts to play funeral-like dirges. Out of a sliding staircase appears a blonde, succulent young lady, dressed in skin tight black leather. She carries a whip. She struts severely towards her prisoner, a whining man who is tightly fitted into a black leather mask. Accompanied by her groveling slaves, she binds the hapless prisoner to a post. A two by four is produced. In a matter of minutes, she's nailed his cock to the coarse wood, performing her task cooly and calmly. The man screams and pleads for mercy. The 'Maitresse' has performed her job well.

In a matter of minutes, she's nailed the poor guy's cock to a coarse wooden board.

Maitresse is a new offering from Barbet Schroeder, a veteran French producer and directress. It stars the sexy blonde actress, Bulle Ogier, as the stern mistress of a private S/M brothel. Bulle Ogier has been seen in a good many French flicks, and is well known as a dramatic actress as well as for her S/M roles.

Before we continue, it is well to note that all scenes of actual torture in this film have not been faked in any way. Every spine tingling whipping and nailing was performed by actual volunteers, who were into the cruelty as much as the actual mistresses. Most of them were willing to perform for the sheer pleasure of being seen on screen.

While the actual fuck/suck content of this film may not be very high, the picture has enough S/M action to satisfy most people whose tastes run that route.

The film bills itself as the story of 'a highly bizarre and erotic relationship, and it certainly fulfills most of that claim. While there isn't much of a conventional plot, the action on screen is enough to hold most people's attention.

Every whipping and torture in the film is real. They've been played by professional mistresses and johns.

The cinematography and color are clearly first rate. This is a slickly done, carefully done film, with attractive people and very nice interior sets. The house and its apparatus are for real, and are very carefully thought out.

The film begins when Oliver, the leading man, arrives in Paris in search of his fortune. He teams up with a sleazy counterpart, and they begin to sell books door to door. The book selling is actually a front for discovering people who aren't home, so they can return later and rob their apartments.

One day they happen upon a very attractive woman who lives on the top floor of a building. They return that night to rob the place, but quickly discover they have picked the wrong house. The apartment is filled with torture apparatus, dogs, and bizarre appliances...racks, whips, hoods and the like.

Before they realize what is happening, they have been cornered by Ariane, the 'Maitresse', and handcuffed to a radiator. After first scolding them for their stupidity, Ariane offers Oliver 200 francs in exchange for pissing all over a client. Oliver readily agrees, pisses all over a hapless victim, and a business relationship, as well as a lover relationship, is quickly formed between the Maitresse and Oliver. The other partner, still chained to the radiator, is quickly booted from the scene.

While the actual fuck/suck content of the film isn't high, there's enough S/M action to satisfy most people whose tastes run that route.

From there on, the relationship develops between the pair. Ariane pursues her vocation, which includes tying men to posts, whipping them, dressing them in masks and servant costumes, and generally degrading them. Oliver participates in all these activities, but soon tires of the whole business.

They go to a party, where the master of the house pretends to be a servant so that he can wait on Ariane hand and foot.

In all, this is a good picture for those with bizarre tastes, or those who are into the latest in S/M. This is a ritualistic film.

If you are looking for good fucking and sucking and little else, this isn't your film, and you would be better off with another flick. However, if you can get off on good filmmaking and detailed rites of humiliation and bondage, maybe you ought to check this one out. ●

(Continued from page 13)

tion, letting her tongue reach for me, I pulled away. As I expected, she began opening and closing her mouth, licking her lips like a hungry animal. Her breathing intensified and she started to moan with short, staccato sounds.

"Come and get it," I demanded, moving my cock so it barely touched her parted lips. I signaled to Eric to really start humping her. He pushed his cock as far down her asshole as it would go, and Janie let out with a wild scream. She leaned forward, trying to grab the end of my cock with her mouth, but I pulled away again.

"Please give it to me. Please let me suck you," she pleaded.

I slapped her across the mouth twice, telling her all the time that this was the kind of excitement and emotion I expected from my porn stars. She seemed to revel in my demands. I cuffed her across the ear.

"Now beg for it and maybe I'll come on your face," I said.

She complied. "Please come on my face. Please put your cock in my mouth. I want to eat your cock. I love your prick," she said again and again, constantly stretching to touch me with her waving tongue.

Finally, I simply moved away, and Eric again pushed deep inside her. This time Janie's cry filled the whole studio. Eric began humping like a ferocious canine and this time Janie was all asshole. Passionately, almost hysterically, she lurched and cried with each thrust. Janie began squeezing her thighs as if to cut his cock off and keep it within her forever. Lying flat on the table, bent over, she gripped the rim until her knuckles turned solid white as Eric pushed in and out with all his strength.

Again, the secret to working with troublesome porn stars is to find out what they are really into and give it to them. The desired results will automatically follow.

I have one of the greatest blow job artists who works with me in helping our poor guys get it up for the fiftieth time during a day's shooting. She can make you hard if you've already come twenty times.

I remember one guy who just couldn't get it up for the last hour of filming. So I sent Cynthia in to do her thing. She just kneeled down in front of him, removed her blouse, exposing a pair of 38Cs, and went to work. First she slowly licked his thighs, getting her head underneath his limp cock and running her tongue all over his tired balls. Then she would carefully put them in her cute little mouth and move her pressed lips all over them. Still not there yet, she continued to work him over, now slowly running her tongue down the underneath side of his bent cock. After that she spent a solid five minutes on stimulating the front portion, carefully nibbling and licking it. Signs of success were beginning to show, as his wonderful nine inches began to appear. But, just to make sure, she continued. Exposing her teeth like a growling bobcat, she bit hard and ran them up and down the length of his extended prick until it was nice and hard and ready for one more hour of fucking.

There are a lot of nice looking chicks who want to fuck their way into the movies, and as far as I'm concerned, the more the merrier. But just because they can throw a good fuck doesn't mean they can come off looking good on camera. A lot of them just can't take direction and they don't have the instinct to follow through. Therefore, I'll divulge one method I have of judging a simple ability to take direction along with an ability to continue on without my telling them what to do every step of the way.

My favorite example is Sally, a somewhat small-breasted broad, but an incredible turn-on for the audience. She came to me two years ago, hungry to make a hundred dollars a day doing something she loved: fucking. She was all ready to throw me on my office couch for the chance to play a part in my next film. But I've had my share of chicks who can turn it on in the office but die under the lights.

I'm going to give you a little situation, I told her. I want you to pretend you're talking to your boyfriend on the phone. You haven't seen him in six months and you've been a good girl all the time. He's coming home tomorrow and you can't wait for every inch of his delicious cock. The more you talk to him on the phone, the more excited you get.

Sally pretended to pick up the phone and started talking. Her voice dropped to a low, soft whisper.

"I can't wait to see you tomorrow," she whipsered. "You know how badly I want you...."

I was about to stop the audition, due to her bad acting and my boredom, but at that moment Sally came to life. She began to get descriptive, then started pushing her other hand inside her tight blue jeans.

"I want to put my hand around your hard cock and squeeze tight while I put it to my wet mouth," she said, gesturing with her hand and opening her mouth slightly.

"I want to lick you all over," she continued, occasionally extending her tongue while licking a fake cock.

"Please come home soon. I want to

(Please turn page)

"A chastity belt at this day and age?"

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lick your ass. I want to feel your cock inside me, inside my cunt. I want you to push it in me until it hurts so badly that I beg you to stop. But please don't stop because I don't want you to."

As she talked, her eyes seemed to penetrate the wall. Her right hand sunk inside her jeans as the front button unsnapped. I could see the outline of her index finger go down toward her cunt. The second and third button unsnapped until her full bush of sandy pubic hair was completely exposed. As she dug her fingers into her cunt, she began to take small steps back and forth.

"I can feel you now," she continued. "I can feel you because I'm masturbating myself. I'm going to suck my finger now and pretend that it's your cock, which I love so much, then I'm going to put my finger inside me again and pretend its the real thing."

Her large finger slowly withdrew from her cunt and she carefully lifted it toward her open mouth. A little at a time, she pushed her finger into her mouth and started sucking it. Finally she nearly had her entire hand down there when she removed it and began talking again.

"Will you suck my tits when you come home? Will you sit on me and put your cock between them and rub until you drown my face in your cum? I beg you to. I want to taste your cum on my lips and mouth. I want to rub it all over my body and lick it off."

Sally began unbuttoning her pale blouse, which I could just about see through anyway. She pressed her hand against her tit, almost pushing it completely into her chest. Then she rolled her hand around, continuing to press harder and harder.

"I want my hands to be your hands," she whispered.

Finally, Sally pretended to say goodbye, hung up the phone, and lay down on the floor.

"I want to masturbate myself," she said directly to me. "Then maybe you'll fuck me."

I just wanted to watch her go as far with herself as she could, so I stayed where I was and stared.

Sally put one hand in her cunt and began to stick her other finger right up her ass. Rolling on the floor she pushed both fingers in and out, wailing with great energy. When she finally came to orgasm, she just lay there for a minute. I said nothing. Finally, she asked me a question which I'd answered a long time ago:

"Do I get the job?"

She certainly did. I have found that this method of testing, and a few others I've developed over the years, is a very suitable means of separating those who can simply put out for a job from those who are really worth their weight in celluloid.

If I can sum it all up in one brief sentence, getting porn stars to do what you want isn't that difficult, so long as you know what they want, and give it to them. ●

"You might as well go on painting. You're not going to see anything... and that goes for your partner, too, wherever he is!"

Porno Actress

(Continued from page 17)

1. Simulated screwing, a minimum of two scenes in which the actors and actresses pretend to be indulging in the act and pretend to be enjoying a violent climax. Actually no climax takes place.
2. One lesbian segment in which two or more women simulate orgasm.
3. At least one "orgy" encounter, usually *menage-a-troi* (threesome with two women to one man more popular than the reverse). Or a "six-shooter" scene involving one woman and several men.
4. A violence scene, either rape or some full blown sado-masochistic sexplay. Most common is whipping.
5. Fellatio and cunnilingus.

The formula works, too. Attendance figures at most porno theaters have been outrunning inflation, and more and more people are finding that under the influence of sexually stimulating films, sexual problems and hangups are disappearing and man-woman relationships, especially in marriage, are improving. Psychiatrist Dr. Hartley Dobbs Bowden says so, and he should know. Not only does the good doctor enjoy sexy films himself, but he highly recommends them to his patients.

"Dirty movies are good for me and good for you," the prominent British psychiatrist testified recently at the pornography trial of British film-maker Edward Leeks. "The talented people who produce them should be applauded instead of hauled into court and made to feel like criminals. In my opinion they are doing the rest of us a real service."

According to Dr. Bowden, porn is great,and the dirtier the better, because it acts as a psychological safety valve. "I'd rather see a sexually deprived male thoroughly enjoying himself by masturbating while watching a filthy flick in a theater or his own living room than wandering around the streets looking for someone to expose himself to, or even rape," he says.

Dr. Bowden denied that watching pornographic movies inspires sexually maladjusted individuals to become sex offenders. "On the contrary," he said, "all current studies bear out my contention that people with a warped attitude toward sex can get it out of their systems by watching perversions graphically portrayed on the screen—and they are far less likely to become sex offenders than those who do not watch dirty movies.

"Such movies are, in fact, educational. Many husbands and wives would do themselves a favor if they watched a few pornographic movies and tried out some of the lovemaking techniques that they see on the screen. Most people are too inhibited, too afraid to really let themselves go when they're making love. Porn helps loosen them up. It shows them possibilities in the sexual act that they never even knew existed."

Dr. Bowden referred to a recent University of .... study to back up his contention that dirty movies do not inspire sex offenses. The U of I study examined the impact of erotic movies on the sleep and dreams of 100 young men. "During their first night in the university sleep laboratory," he reported, "each young man's normal sleeping and dreaming pattern was recorded electronically through a machine that notes when a person is dreaming by observing the fluttery movements of his eyes."

With the sleep-dream pattern on record, the next step was to show the men dirty movies just before they went to sleep. The object was to find out if it stimulated them to dream more. For five nights the men watched dirty movies before retiring. For five more nights they watched travel movies instead.

Each morning during the experiment the men reported on their dreams. "There were two porno films," said Dr. Bowden. "One was set in a brothel and showed a man and a woman going into a bedroom, relaxing with a few drinks and then undressing each other preparatory to the sex act. The second film showed in graphic detail how a bride and groom spent their wedding night.

"The sceintists who conducted the study," said Dr. Bowden, "found out that the dirty movies did not stimulate sexuality in the young men, but instead increased their repression. On the nights when they watched pornography the men dreamed less about sex and their dreams were less graphic and

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colorful, with sex symbols substituted for the real thing.

"On the nights when they watched travel movies, the men's sex dreams were wilder and more fanciful. They expressed hidden desires for socially unacceptable activities such as homosexual contacts and participation in orgies. Instead of dreaming of sex symbols, the men dreamed of actually having intercourse or performing sexually related acts."

According to Dr. Bowden, the University of Illinois experiment proves that watching X-rated movies reduces sexual tension and provides a healthy outlet for desire.

"If the late show on television was always a dirty movie," he said, "we wouldn't have so many divorces. People could satisfy their sex needs in their own living rooms without having to go into the bedroom lacking the potent stimulation that dirty movies can impart. Shown at the proper time, dirty movies could become the most effective marriage-mending device ever invented."

It's true that renting or buying an adult movie depicting explicit sex in all its wonderful variations is becoming more and more popular as couples realize how stimulating home movies can be. In the case of older, more mature couples, the effect has been particularly startling.

Most women, of all ages, are pleasantly surprised when they see their first X-rated movie. "It should be selected carefully," explains one national distributor, "especially for the first one. Mind you, it's not long before even the womenfolk like them a little stronger each time, and I even have some women customers who now enjoy the real stag movies. But first of all it's wise to start with the 'moderate' ones."

One stag movie fan, Carl S., wrote to the University of .... researchers and related his own experience with X-rated movies. "Sybil, my wife, was always shy and I suppose you would even call her a prude," he pointed out. "But we went to this party at Frank and Betty Davis's place and they started to show a porno movie. I nearly died and expected Sybil to jump up and leave. That would have been pretty embarrassing for me, because I work with Frank."

Apparently Carl need not have worried.

"Three other couples started to get pretty hot," recalled Carl, "and Bert Hindle's wife, Paula, was starting to unfasten my pants as she watched the movie, so I was getting horny fast. Then I looked over to where Sybil was sitting next to Frank, and damn me if she didn't have his cock out and was working on it with both hands. I just couldn't believe my eyes."

But shy Sybil got really wound up as the adult movie unfolded. "I just found myself playing with Frank," she laughed later, "even though I've never been kissed by any other man but my husband before. But that movie really turned me on and I guess I lost control altogether."

Frank was pleased that she did play with him. "Sybil was always the sexually aloof type every guy would like to screw," he said, "and when someone like that starts to play with your penis, it means a lot more than just anyone wanting to feel it. I mean, you just *feel* the tremendous excitement in her, and I wasted no time as soon as one or two of the other couples got stimulated by the movie and started some action. I had her bra and blouse off by the time the movie had finished, and suddenly she stood up and took her panties off so that she could straddle me." Frank shook his head in disbelief. "She was really good. Being so darned cool and snooty up till then, it felt great having her impaled on my shaft and sliding up and down."

Carl lost no time in enjoying the shapely redhead on the sofa opposite. "It wasn't the redhead so much," he reported, "as seeing my own wife become a sexual tigress after watching her first X-rated movie. She literally raped poor old Frank. It sure was something to see after seven years of coaxing her for a piece every now and then."

Obviously adult movies dealing with explicit sex can stimulate many women who are otherwise sexually cool. As one shy young brunette admitted after watching us perform my Six-Shooter act: "It gave me a tremendous urge to seduce my boyfriend and throw all my inhibitions out the window."

Which means, I suppose, that as a dedicated porno actress I am a resounding success. ●

MARLENE WILLOUGHBY

(Continued from page 21)

to me a few times. It's just very funny because. I really *don't* care for him. I mean we have fights on the set and everything else. But goddammit, he can make me come. The son of a bitch.

Q.: Do you want to give him the satisfaction of saying his name?

A.: No! No, I don't hink I should.

Q.: How about just describing what happened?

A.: He was eating me and...sort of playing with me inside...with his fingers. Hey, if I say any more he's going to know who he is.

Q.: Okay. Let's move on to the vital statistics. Where are you from...your background.

A.: Sure. I was born in Detroit. Brought up very strictly religious. Played church organ. I was there 24 hours a day because I was practically raised by our priest. Then, when I was 13, I came to New York. My sister's an actress. She wanted to do nightclub work, so she naturally came here, and little sister naturally followed her.

Q.: Didn't your parents object to that?

A.: My father left home before I was born. I guess I've seen him four or five times in my whole life. So he didn't have any say in the matter. And my mother... well, my mother's a very nice lady, but my sister had a lot more to do with bringing me up than she did.

Q.: What exactly made you make the jump from straight work to porn?

A.: I went to California. I just had to get out of New York, so I went to California, where I vegetated for three years. I hated it. Then I got busted for cultivating marijuana. Then when *that* was over I came back to New York and realized I'd wasted three years of my life doing nothing! I knew I had to get my act together fast, and do it in a year or two. And I did. Nobody's going to get it for you. You have to get it for yourself. I'm out every day...pushing.

I wrote a letter to Norman Lear. I sent him one of my magazine spreads. And I got a letter back from him. It's up on the bathroom wall. He says he doesn't want to keep my stuff in a brown paper wrapper in his filing cabinet, so he sent me back the spread. But he kept the picture and resume. He said he can't deal with porno people at this time, but he was very encouraging. I think I'll probably run into him again in a couple of years. Maybe the world will change.

Q.: How do you think it's going to change?

A.: It's got to get freer, right? I mean it *has* to. Where else can we go from here?

Q.: You never can tell, can you? You mentioned before your religious background. How do you reconcile that with what you're doing now?

A.: I believe in God and all that stuff. But I'm not religious in the traditional sense any more. I can't believe in a religion that's biased in favor of men. I mean, I'm a woman, and a woman in 1977, and I'm not married, and like, what am I supposed to do? "Get thee to a nunnery" I guess. Hey, *that's* what I'll do in a couple of years. But meanwhile, I might as well enjoy myself.

Q.: What's the hardest thing you've had to do in porn?

A.: I guess just some of the positions are so damn uncomfortable. You seldom do

it in a bed, which would really be nice. Like in *Love in Strange Places* I was fucking and sucking in a wheelchair. And in *Intimidation* I got beat up pretty badly. I did an S&M thing with Steve Mitchell, where he plays a Mafia man. He keeps saying to me, "Where's the dope?" and my answer, according to the script is, "I'm never going to tell you!" SLAP! I got the hell beat out of me. Meanwhile, the director forgot to say "cut." There I was practically getting beaten to death and the crew just kind of left the room. We were really into the scene, Steve and I. At times like that you just don't notice if the camera's running. It's lucky *we* realized the scene was over before I went unconscious.

Q.: Did you get off on the brutality?

A.: No. No, Steve isn't the actor I mentioned before.

Q.: Just thought I'd take a guess. Any other hardest moments?

A.: Well...I can't deep-throat John Homes. How's that? I can't. It's impossible. I can only get his cock about halfway down. He's about fifteen inches or something. I can't do that number. I mean I *love* him and everything, *but*.

Q.: When and where did you try?

A.: Several times and places. In *Love in Strange Places* for one. That was a fun movie, by the way. It was really a challenge doing a slapstick version of Josephine Bonaparte.

Q.: I liked you in that. You were funny and sexy.

A.: Thanks. Speaking of funny... *Waterpower* was a funny experience. The entire movie is about enemas. I don't *get* one, I *give* it; make sure you put that in the article. I play Nurse Leslie. We had a lot of laughs on that set. There were hundreds of shit jokes flying around.

Q.: Let's get back to the last time you came on a set.

A.: Oh no.

Q.: Ah, come on. The readers will eat it up. Let's have two pornographic paragraphs.

A.: Well actually...I also came with a lady.

Q.: We'll get to that in a minute.

A.: But I'm telling you...the people I have orgasms with are *not* necessarily the people I *like*. So I don't want to give them the satisfaction. I can't...it's too personal.

Q.: Okay. Not having anything to do with film...what's your favorite sex fantasy?

A.: Okay. When I masturbate...I just see a pair of boots; men's boots. I just see the legs, up to the top of the cock. It's the desert, all sand and I'm laying on a highway with my legs spread. Then I just see his balls and cock coming down like from heaven and they just keep coming down.

Q.: Do they ever reach you?

(Please turn page)

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A.: Yes. That's when I come. He puts it in. Of course, that's my dildo. I do a two dildo number. And finger. I burn incense. Then I have a good cry when I'm through and I curse every man in America for not being there when I needed him.

Q.: What turns you on in a man?

A.: Oh lord. Physically? I always look at thighs and backs. And I never fuck anyone unless I know they already have a hard-on before they take their pants off.

Q.: Is there a special man in your life right now?

A.: I don't have really luck in terms of long term relationships. Right now I'm free. I just got rid of one relationship which didn't work, because of my porno career probably. I really find it impossible to try to deal with men now. I'm just concentrating on my career. I can't have someone tell me to quit or change or not talk about it. I mean, it's my life right now. Most men can't understand it. That's why I wish they would not *try* to understand me or fuck up my life but just stay out of it...So there.

Q.: What do you think of the Women's Movement?

A.: I'm all for it. I've been in marches and the whole number. I'm usually a strong woman in most of my films. Like in *Dominatrix Without Mercy* I play the dominatrix. I tell the men what I want, and then I beat the shit out of them anyway. I enjoy playing a strong woman. I'm usually a strong woman in most of my films.

Q.: In general, do you think porn movies exploit women for the pleasure of men?

A.: *I'm* not being exploited. I don't feel that I am. I'm just making a damn good living out of it. Porn movies portray all kinds of women. Now what *really* exploits women is the stuff the straight companies put out. Watch *Kojak* or anything like that and the only female role in it is usually a whore or a housewife. That's another reason I enjoy doing porn. All those straight scripts have *nothing*. In a lot of straight movies they cast the blonde and the black girl now. I mean I'm all for lack women working in film, but I'm just *waiting* for the year of the Polish-Italian to come around. *Then* watch me go.

Q.: In real life as opposed to film.do you ever get off on women?

A.: No. I'm straight. As I said, I've gotten off on women in films, but not in the rest of my life. It just isn't spontaneous.

Q.: Any ideas as to why? If you can get off on women in front of a camera, why not in the privacy of your own home?

A.: I don't know. I just go by my animal instincts, and I always end up in bed with a man, for some reason.

Q.: How ordinary.

A.: Right. I guess being on a set...*having* to do what a scene calls for...that just makes it so much safer. It's kind of liberating. I do enjoy talking to women, though. I enjoy being with them more than with men. I find that when I date a man it's usually for sex. But I have better conversations with women all the time.

Q.: You mentioned that you came to New York when you were 13. How old were you when you lost your virginity?

A.: My God...I was *nineteen*! It was the worst. I was drunk, and I'd passed out cold. The next thing I remembered was somebody giving me this cold shower. And the *next* thing I remember, this guy was on top of me and just pumping away. All I wanted to do was pass out again. I remember thinking how *loud* sex sounded. That first time was definitely the worst.

Q.: And that happened in New York City?

A.: In one of the boroughs, actually. That's why I *never* go out of Manhattan now.

Q.: A few final questions. Do your parents know what you're doing for a living?

A.: No! They have no idea.

Q.: What'd happen if they found out?

A.: As I said, my father left before I was born. He's had nothing to do with me...so I could care less how he'd react. My mother? I guess she'd really flip out. Literally. And that's too bad. I think I'd like it if we could go to my films together, she and I. I think that would make us closer in some way. I'd really like that. But the main thing I believe is that you can never go back. I haven't been back home since I left Detroit, and that's years ago. There's nothing there for me. Nothing at all. ●

"Just put it down here, boys, and get lost for the rest of the afternoon!"

Cocksucker

(Continued from page 23)

the theater, hoping that the men that made up the audience for "Barnyard Balling" were watching the film and not her. Her first day on the job—and already she was fucking up! She was getting to feel miserable. The manager had warned her, and now this guy had gotten mad, and on top of everything she just knew her panties were sopping wet from watching all that hot stuff on the screen. She dipped a hand under her short skirt and felt the warm wetness at her crotch. Convulsively she pulled the crotch of her panties aside and stuck her thumb in her cunt, ramming it in and out. She put in her second finger, then switched to her middle finger—and it took an extraordinary amount of willpower not to jam her whole fist inside. She smoothed her dress down and took a deep breath.

(Please turn page)

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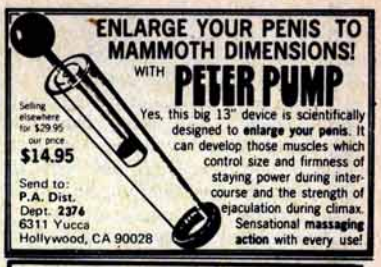
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Just keep a steady patrol, that's all. Make sure the customers are behaving themselves. If a guy wants to jerk off in his hat, that's fine. Just patrol, and report back to the manager if anybody is getting really carried away. That's all. Just patrol. Help the patrons find their seats in the dark when they come in, and shine the flashlight on the ground when they leave.

Sharon kept her eyes averted from the screen. Her eyes, growing more and more accustomed to the darkness, were able to count the number of men in attendance. When the screen brightened, she could even make out their faces as they stared at the naked bodies on the screen. Sharon gazed up at the beam of light coursing from the projection booth. All those different colored strands and combinations of light creating those realistic pictures. She shook her head.

The girl paused to stare at the projecting beam before turning and heading back down the aisle, keeping as close to the wall as possible to avoid annoying the patrons or distracting them from the entertainment.

"OH! OH FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK MY CUNT! RAM YOUR COCK IN ME, FUCK MY CUNT, FUCK MY ASS, FUCK MY MOUTH, SHOOT THAT CUM UP MY CUNT, INTO MY MOUTH, DOWN MY THROAT! COME ON YOU BASTARD, SHOVE THAT BIG FAT COCK IN ME! I'M DYING FOR IT!"

Sharon gasped, looking up at the screen. It was the girl from the barn again. And the farmhand, too, but now they were in the house. The girl was stark naked, spread-legged on the bed, her fingers pulling her cuntlips apart as she kept on cursing and thrashing.

The farmhand was grinning evilly as he approached. He reached behind his back and produced a big ear of corn. And as the girl shuddered and screamed her approval, he dove at her, slamming the yellow cob into her cunt, thrashing it in and out of her cunt and then,as the girl rolled over, he poised it over her ass. The girl urged him onward, and the guy clawed her blubbery ass cheeks apart and then jammed the cob up her tiny anal hole. The girl let out a blood curdling whoop of ecstasy as the farmhand fucked her with the corn, fucking her continuously as the soundtrack thundered with the girl's groans.

"Oh—oh, SHIT!" Sharon cried out, staring transfixed in the aisle. She watched as the farmhand pulled the long hard corncob from the girl's asshole, emerging with a filthy looking rotten rod, the bedsheets resembling succatash. Sharon turned from the screen to head back up the aisle—but she had completely lost her sense of direction—she walked into the seats instead, tripping over a guy in the second seat, falling flat on her face.

"Oh—oh excuse me!" she cried, trying to get up. She crawled farther into the seats, only to find her way blocked by another seated man. The guy had his fly open and was pumping his hard prick as fast as he could. Sharon was wedged under the seats, unable to move.

"I—I beg your—uh, pardon—can you help me up—" she whispered. The guy looked down and without saying a word he pulled her along until her head was between his legs. Sharon's body was twisted in the seats, her chest directly under the guy's seat, her head in his lap.

"Sir—I—"

He shoved his scholong into her mouth, and as Sharon stared up in wide eyed amazement, the guy continued to watch the movie, his legs holding her head firmly in place as he slammed his cock in and out of her mouth. Sharon's eyes revolved in their sockets as she dizzily kept sucking, hearing the urgent cries of the girl on the screen. Sharon was too hot to resist. She closed her eyes and kept sucking, hiking her dress up, pulling her panties down to her ankles and frigging herself silly. She rubbed and strummed her clit, jammed two fingers in her cunt and sucked that guy's cock madly. The floor was dirty and cold against her smooth soft ass and she grinded her butt against it as she stuffed her cunt. The guy continued to stare up at the screen while she blew him, tonguing his cockhead until he gushed a pint of cream in her face. She gasped and gagged as the cum shot up her nose and down her throat, and just as she tasted the first gobs her whole body shook with a titanic orgasm. She jammed three fingers in her cunt and came a dozen times in a minute, groaning as loud as the action on the screen.

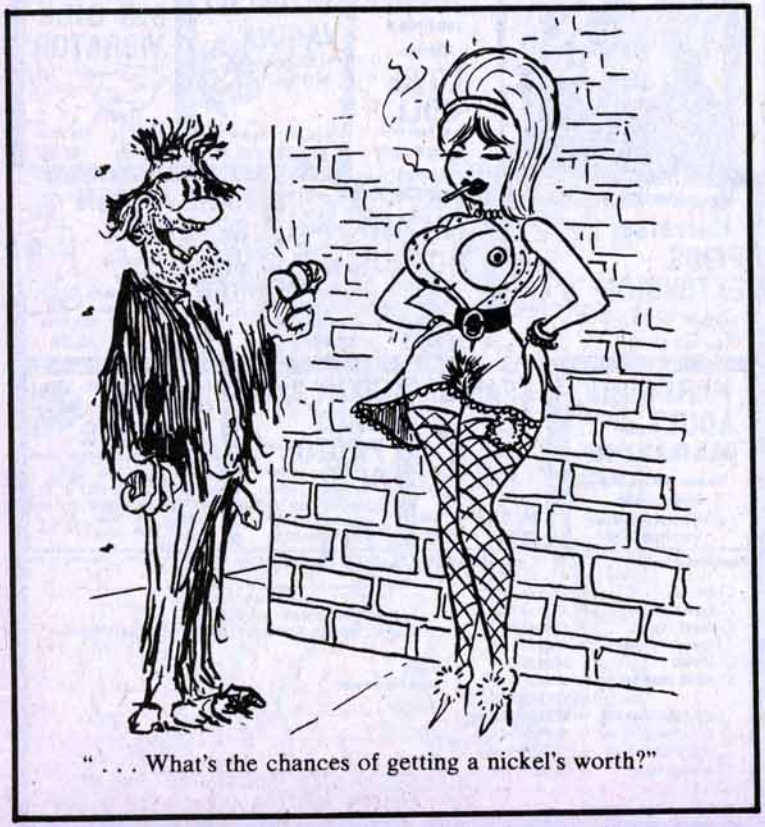
The guy released his grip on her head, his body going limp after the climax. Sharon held onto the seat and managed to pull herself up, sliding her body free. She stood up dizzily, her skirt up around her waist, her face glistening with cum.

"Hey, down in front!" a couple of guys yelled.

"S—sorry!" Sharon called, clunking her shins against the pulled-down seats as she finally managed to get through and out into the carpeted aisle.

She eased her body down, and sat in the aisle, wiping her eyes. She had just gotten the biggest orgasm of her life. Her whole body was tingling. She looked up at the screen.

The girl in the movie was whooping, the corncob stuck in her ass as she bent over dogstyle, the farmhand plowing her cunt. Sharon was mesmerized



". . . What's the chances of getting a nickel's worth?"

again, watching as the guy plowed into the hot pink cunt, keeping a hand on the corncob jammed in the girl's ass, like a cowboy would hold onto the saddle horn. He kept it wedged in her ass as he bucked and fucked, the girl urging him on with a stream of dirty words.

Sharon felt along the floor, her hands brushing over some stray pieces of popcorn. She got on her knees and pushed a few pieces of popcorn up along the crack of her ass. With a nudge of her finger, she had stuffed three craggy popcorn chunks up her tight ass. Her pussy hair was teeming with dew and as she looked around, she saw that everybody in the audience was up, heading toward her.

Sharon stayed down in the aisle, her dress on the floor, her panties hanging limply along her ankles. She couldn't help herself. She kept a finger in her ass, prodding the pop corn chunks as she rubbed up and down her yawning cunt, pinching at her clit.

"FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME!" the girl on the screen shouted, and Sharon mouthed the words, too.

The farmhand grabbed the girl by the hair, moving her head up and down over his rod, the soundtrack screaming with the slithery sounds of the cock-suck session. He positioned himself so that he could eat out the girl's corn-flavored cunt, the corn cob still sticking up out of her ass.

"Fuck...Fuck..." Sharon whispered to herself, and soon she heard more whispers, voices all around her.

"Shit—look at that!"

"I don't believe it—"

"This bitch is going crazy!"

She turned her eyes from the screen and saw that the patrons had long abandoned interest in "Barnyard Balling." They were watching the 3D reality of a horny usherette lying in the dirty aisle of a porn theater, her legs spread, fingers stuffed in her cunt and asshole.

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The guy yanked the corncob from her asshole and stuffed it in her mouth as he bent her over for a dogstyle fuck. The mad girl on the screen sucked and bit at the big fat corn cob, choking on it while the guy plowed her cunt, jamming his wad deep, deep inside her.

"Fuck...FUCK!" Sharon shouted.

The patrons looked around the theater. They weren't sure if it was some kind of gag. But when they realized it wasn't, and as Sharon bent over, her huge pink ass wiggling as she frigged herself, a few of the men surged closer, ready to take advantage.

"Fuck...FUCK!" Sharon shouted.

"ALL RIGHT!" a deep throaty voice yelled. "RIGHT!" *(Please turn page)*

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The first guy to reach her pulled his pants down and in a second was searing her glistening slit with his cock. She was momentarily blinded by a sharp beam of light—somebody had her flashlight, shining it into her face. Another guy pulled his cock out and as she arched up to meet him, buried it down her throat. She gagged and sucked while getting the fuck of her life there in the aisle, putting on a better show than the girl on the screen. When the guy fucking her shot his wad, a second guy plunged in, his cock even fatter than the first. The crowd was cheering, and one guy reached underneath her and pulled her blouse open, pulling the cups of her bra until her boobs hung free, swaying to the beat of the balling as she kept fucking and sucking, fucking and sucking. She felt the guy's cock pulsate in her mouth, jetting streams of cum all the way down her throat.

The lights in the theater came on, and bounding down the aisle came the manager, Mr. Roderick, his eyes bulging out of the sockets.

"What's going on! Miss Shumway! Sharon!"

"S—sorry Mr. Roderick!" Sharon gasped, spitting a cock out of her mouth.

"This—this is! This is incredible!"

"You're telling me—now shut up and FUCK ME!"

Mr. Roderick looked around as the men cheered him on. He stared down at Sharon, at her big bouncing boobs and her anxious open mouth. He pulled his zipper down and his cock popped out, harder and stiffer than he ever saw it before. He held onto Sharon's head, his hands grabbing soft handfuls of hair as he sank his cock into her mouth.

"After—after this—" Mr. Roderick was gasping.

"After this, what?" Sharon mumbled and sucked.

"R—report to my office, immediately!"

Mr. Roderick rocked back on his knees and sent a jet of cum through the air, spattering softly in the carpeted aisle. The guy who was now fucking Sharon popped his load, and the girl fell forward. Mr. Roderick dragged her to her feet.

"Start the film again!" he shouted up to the projection booth, but the crowd surged to follow Sharon's twitching ass up the aisle.

"Bring that chick back!" one guy shouted, and the others agreed, loudly.

"The best fuckin' show we've seen yet in this dump!"

They were still chuckling, guys talking to the lucky ones that got a shot at her, as the lights dimmed and they were forced to stumble back to their seats in the dark.

"Pick up your dress, Miss Shumway," Mr. Roderick said as he ushered the girl up the aisle. Sharon grabbed it and placed it haphazardly in front of her, leaving her bobbing boobs on display for the popcorn vendor in the lobby, who got a bigger hard-on than from a month of movies. Mr. Roderick and Sharon headed for the manager's office in silence.

Once behind closed doors, the manager pointed out a chair and Sharon meekly sat down, crossing her legs. Aside from being almost totally naked and dripping with sweat, she looked like any ordinary secretary.

"Miss Shumway," Mr. Roderick began, "Do you always throw yourself into a job like that?"

"I—I'm sorry sir. I guess I got carried away."

"You make $3 an hour here. You work part-time. Would you like to keep your position?"

"Y—yes, sir."

Mr. Roderick stood up and came over to Sharon, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Or, Miss Shumway, would you prefer to make $30 an hour!"

"Huh?"

"Live sex shows!" Mr. Roderick said, brightening into an excited smile. "What happened down in that theater was fantastic!"

"Thank you—"

"Just do that up on stage!"

Sharon leaped up from her chair and grabbed the manager, giving him a three inch hickey along his neck.

"Thank you! Thank you!"

Sharon threw her dress down and headed for the door.

"But, Miss Shumway—"

"Please, Mr. Roderick—I'd like to start right where I left off! I'm sure I can get some volunteers!"

Sharon bounced back down to the theater, and she had them lining up in a mob—and an out of breath theater manager named Roderick was at the front of the line. ●

"Watch your hands!"

Busting the Tubes:

(Continued from page 31)

underside of my shaft, she mounts my balls and works her way around to my ass and back again. I dig my hands into the back of her neck,urging her on. Her skin is slick with sweat. She's throwing everything she has into pleasing me.

I feel the pressures build up. She's gobbling away when I come. My cum is all over her face, it drips down from her nostrils, it glistens on her chin, little streams of it run down her throat.

We both sink down on the floor, cuddling and fondling each other. I get Betty's dress over her head and her panties off of her ankles. She reciprocates by unbuttoning my shirt and stripping away my jeans. Betty says all kinds of things to me and gives with the type of sign language around my groin which brings me to rigid attention—good soldier that I am—in a matter of minutes.

I'm ready and Betty's always been ready. With what sounds like a Comanche war whoop, this sex-crazed natural blonde,who lives in an $85,000 split level and humps like an underprivileged alley cat, jumps aboard. She steadies herself by placing a hand on my shoulder. She reaches under her ass to find my prick. With a deft twist of her hips and a flexing of her knees, she settles down. Her weight presses down on me, carrying my cock as high as it can possibly go. We start bucking and heaving and I grab onto Betty's ass and hold on for dear life.

You should hear her language. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Screw my ass off! You bastard, you're too much! Rip me! Come on, you son of a bitch, don't leave my pussy hanging on a cloud!"

Is that any way for a very respectable Westchester married lady to talk? I'll leave that to you. As for me, I'm too

busy making sure I don't leave her pussy on a cloud to worry about what she's saying. Suffice it to say that when I'm done, Betty has no hangups she hasn't gotten rid of.

She feeds me a cup of coffee and a piece of danish and tells me how nice it would be if we could do this again.

I reach across the kitchen table and pat her cheek. "We'll do it again, real soon." I promise.

"No way!" Betty answers. "I could get too fond of you and that would be bad. I couldn't have you coming here all the time. People would see you and start to talk. I wouldn't take a chance on meeting you in bars and motels. That would be childish. Besides," this with a sweep of an arm which indicated the posh surroundings of the split level, "I like what I have here. Even if my husband is so busy making money he can't get his prick up any more, I'm not about to walk out on luxury. You're a wonderful stud, darling. But you couldn't keep me in panties."

When you find a woman who fucks like Betty, you don't cotton to walking out of her life the first time you've pulled your dork out of her snatch. You want to hang around for seconds or thirds or tenths or fiftieths. So I guess I looked a little hang dog.

Betty reaches under the table and grabs my cock, squeezing it hard and shaking it from side to side. "Listen to me, luv. This little man down here is going to be so busy, he's going to beg you for a rest. Do you know how many frustrated bitches there are in the Dial Code 914 area? Do you have any idea how much kinkiness we Westchester broads have in us? A guy with your talent will find himself doing everything that's ever been done to a woman and having women do everything that's ever been done to a man. You just drive your little panel truck around Scarsdale and Rye and White Plains and let nature take its course. Why, you know if I came crawling down the Taconic bare-assed and pleading with you to fuck em, you wouldn't have the time of the day for me. That's how busy you're going to be."

Maybe Betty's a witch who can predict the future. Or maybe she just knows what frustrated suburban women are all about. Be that as it may, within three days her predictions start coming true.

It happens in a fieldstone house in Harrison. Her name is Grace and her antenna's been twisted out of line by a wind storm.

One look at Grace standing in the doorway in a housecoat that's loosely tied around her waist so that her unbra'd tits get maximum exposure and you can see all the way up one nylon stockinged leg to her garter belt tab and the black bikini pants that accentuate rather than hide her snatch, and my own antenna comes up straight and true.

Knowing that you're not interested in a manual of how to repair television antennae, I'll skip over the details and take you right back into Grace's house. My tool kit is open on the floor. Grace and I are on the couch and my tool is hanging outside of my pants. Grace bends over me and kisses my tool, leaving the imprint of her red lipstick right on its tip. She lies down on her belly and wriggles across me, looking like some snake goddess doing her war dance. When she's gotten to the point where her cunt is bearing down on junior and her ass is jutting high in the air, she looks over her shoulder at me and begins licking her lips.

"I'm made for a physical man," she breathes. "I want a man who can master me, who can make me quiver at his touch. I'm sick and tired of momma's boys like my old man. He's afraid I'll break if he shows any force at all."

Grace reaches up behind her and takes my wrist in her hand. She brings it down on her ass, lifts my arm up a second time and brings it down across her butt again. It takes me about a tenth of a second to comprehend that the lady of the house wants her ass paddled beet-red.

So be it. I grip both of her wrists in one hand, pinning them behind the small of her back. I raise my arm high above my head and come down with a resounding splat. I jab my finger into the crack between Grace's globes, forcing the nylon panties into her asshole. If ever there's a goosey woman, it has to be Grace.

She's kicking and writhing and beating against the arm of the couch with her little fists. I slap her again—even harder. She's losing control. She keeps flexing the muscles in her thighs and calves. I see the wetness in the crotch of her panties and put my hand inside her pants. It comes away all warm and sticky. I touch it to my lips.

"You're brutal!" she gasps. "You hurt me so!" I free one of her hands and she makes a grab for my belt. This little girl isn't kidding around. She really wants to be whipped. Okay, lady. Belt it's going to be.

I rip it out of the hoops, grip the buckle in my fist and pull her pants down. Unceremoniously I dump Grace on the floor. She starts crawling around the rug on hands and knees with me following her. We play master and slave. We play rider and mare. We play runner and sled dog.

I bring the belt across her naked ass. I flail Grace's thighs and upper back until there are red welts all over her. The tears run down her cheeks. She groans and pleads and keeps on crawling and her snatch continues to gush, and she's having the time of her life.

Finally she crawls right between my

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legs, rolls over on her back, lifts her arms to me and arches herself into a shivering, quivering bow. She drums against the carpet with her heels and makes strange sounds in her throat. If I were the scary type, I'd be sure she was going into shock. Not being the scary type, I know she wants to be shocked some more.

I maneuver myself between her thighs and she clamps her ankles around me in a tight scissors. I grind her under me and savage myself into her. She bites down so hard on my shoulder I'm sure she's drawing blood. The pain spurs me on. I raise high on my knees and thrust forward, falling on top of her belly with all my weight. Our wet bodies stick together, build up suction, break apart and come together again.

I pinch Grace's nipples as hard as I can. I rake my fingernails over her flanks and her belly. She knows she's being mastered, every pulsating inch of her. And she can't get enough.

We keep it up until her eyes roll up in her head and she lies in a stupor, her body twitching from head to toe. I pull myself free and cover her with a blanket. I leave the receipt and the service warranty on the dinette table and gently close the door behind me.

I understand I've done my job and there is no need for prolonging my visit by making meaningless small talk. For a little while, at least, Grace will be able to tolerate her namby-pamby momma's boy husband. She'll warm herself with memories of the spanking session she had with me. When the memories grow too dim to excite her, she'll find some other dude with a panel truck and a deal of talent to satisfy the kinky things that make her happy.

There are others. I can't tell you how many. It seems as if a week never goes by when I haven't found at least one lady of the house breathing down my neck like some two bit whore. There's a big difference between these suburban women and a two bit whore, however. That is, they're here to have their own urges taken care of, not to take care of mine. When they come up with all that panting and groaning and twisting and bucking, they're not putting me on. This is the real thing for them. They want it so bad they can taste it.

And they want it in ways you may have dreamed about but never thought you'd experience. They want it in all the ways they'd be ashamed to tell their husbands about. That's the funny thing. With me, a total stranger, they have no sense of shame. Perhaps the fact that I am a total stranger makes them shed their inhibitions with their panties. They know I'm perfectly happy to get mine and go on my way. I don't run in their circles. I'm not going to try to impress anybody at the country club bar by pointing out Betty or Grace and saying, "You see that pig over there, I screwed the ass off of her." I don't belong to any country club. Not on my salary.

It's wild, just plain out-of-this-world wild.

I've fucked Carole in a bathtub filled with hot water and bubble bath.

I've given Hilda a high enema before ass fucking her as she knelt with her head cradled on her arms over the bathroom sink and her legs spread wide to receive me.

I've licked Alice from her eyelids all the way down to her little toe without missing so much as one delectable inch of her body between.

You name any way to do it and I guarantee I've had a go at it.

No, I'm not bragging. I'm telling it like it is. And I know that my success as a cocksman hasn't all that much to do with me. Things happen to fall my way for no other reason than because I'm there.

The heart of the situation is the sense of sexual frustration felt by well-to-do suburban wives. Either friend husband's down in the city paying a hundred dollars a night to screw some call girl, or he's so played out from making a buck he can't get it up, or he's so full of guilt that he won't get it up, or he hasn't enough imagination to understand what a woman really wants from him.

Be that as it may, it's obvious that if a girl isn't being fucked in the manner she'd like to become accustomed to by one guy, she's going to find another to do it her way. In this swinging era no chick is going to live with her frustrations.

The things you have to remember is that in no case have I ever made the first move. A guy in my racket would have to be crazy if he did. A woman has to be putting her snatch on the line so that there's no doubt at all before I'll even let my prick get hard.

There are any number of houses I go into where the woman's approach is very subtle. If it is, I stick strictly to business. I repair the set and take off. I can't afford to make a mistake.

There have to be no bones about it before my bone juts out to its full ten inches. Once it does, we're off and running. Whatever the lady's preference, she'll not be disappointed.

I think I've learned a lot from my house call experiences. Perhaps the biggest item is the fact that whatever it is, no matter how seemingly raunchy, if it's what two people enjoy, it's A-Okay.

Another thing I've learned is that the better educated and more well-to-do the woman, the more she goes in for exotic sex. The ones who can afford the fanciest panties are the ones who find the fanciest ways of taking them off.

The last thing I've learned is that the Harley Davidson isn't all that important to me. I'm getting some mighty good riding without it. ●

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PERFECT MALE COMPANION:

Finally — one of the world's greatest inventors has come up with the most innovative, pleasing companions. A true duplication of the man of your dreams. Someone who will cater to your every need. Someone who will share your every wish. This strong, solid companion is as perfectly equipped as just about any man you've ever seen.

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Make no mistake — The Perfect Male Companion is not a toy. He's not just any plastic doll that you blow up and just stare at. He's truly masculine — always willing to satisfy your every need.

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Start an exciting life today — right now with the perfect male companion. Satisfy your wildest fantasies. Your companion will give you the wildest, most exciting experiences. And he will be there, for you, whenever you want him.

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ELECTRONIC "EVERYTHING" FEMALE DOLL:

BETTER THAN ANY OTHER DOLL

Don't confuse the ELECTRONIC "EVERYTHING" DOLL with any other doll. She is different — quite different. She stands a perfect 5'2" and she is satisfying in every detail. Large breasts, soft to the touch, but most important, she has an actual female organ built right in. Make no mistakes. THIS IS NOT A TOY DOLL. She is as real as she can possibly be.

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